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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1908. NO. 17

PREPARING FOR BATTLE NEXT FALL

The Potter Enterprise Hints That Prohibitionists and Democrats May Unite

TRYING TO DOWN F. E. BALDWIN

Great Activity in Prohibition Circles—Elisha K. Kane May Withdraw in Favor of Arthur B. Mann.

The Prohibitionists are already laying plans for a fierce fight against the election of Frank E. Baldwin as State Senator. Republicans all over the district, however, are becoming solidly united for their candidate and at this stage of the game there seems to be very little danger of his defeat. It is best to be on the safe side, and every effort should be made by Republicans to land their candidate in the office where he belongs. Nothing is gained by being too sure.

The following article from the Potter Enterprise is interesting: Elisha Kent Kane of McKean county, at present the Prohibition candidate for State Senator, was here a portion of last Friday and Saturday. He was on his way home from a visit to Tioga county. He is a very frank man and speakes right out in politics as well as meeting. In speaking of the present situation in this senatorial district, Mr. Kane said to the Enterprise:

"To begin with I was very much surprised at the defeat of Senator Williams, I supposed, of course, he had an easy and sure victory. It had been arranged that after he was nominated I was to get off the Prohibition ticket and he was to be substituted in my stead. But when I heard Baldwin was nominated I hardly knew what to make of it and I started out to find out the causes of Williams' defeat. I thought I knew what they were but I wanted to make sure. As soon as I could arrange my matters I started for Tioga county to see what the feeling was there. I found the Republicans very much disappointed and I do believe I never saw so mad a man as I found Auditor General Robert K. Young to be. I am confident there is much dissatisfaction there and that there is a disposition among many to feel sore."

In reply to inquiries Mr. Kane expressed the opinion that Mr. Baldwin would have active and stubborn opposition. It was his idea that Major Seibert, the Democratic nominee, might be induced to get out of the way, in which case he would do likewise, when a certain prominent Potter county Prohibitionist of former Republican leanings (A. B. Mann, of course), would be put on both the Democratic and Prohibition tickets for Senator. Mr. Kane seemed to realize that it is the popular idea to have a Potter county man for Senator. He has long been identified with the Prohibition movement and besides being a large manufacturer and extensive business man in Kushequa is the publisher of a Prohibition paper in Kane.

Friday night in the office of A. B. Mann a conference of the Prohibition leaders hereabouts was held when Mr. Kane expressed his ideas freely. He urged an immediate and formidable organization. He believes in using the newspapers and has great faith in the power of the press.

It is understood the arrangement the Prohibitionists are trying to make with the Democrats is to include the withdrawal of Mr. Mann as a candidate for Representative leaving the opposition field clear for Addison Stephens, the Democratic candidate. In exchange for this concession Mr. Mann's friends are demanding that he have a clear field for Senator.

In the meantime the Republican phalanx of the twenty-fifth senatorial district is growing stronger every day and there is every indication that by November Mr. Baldwin's majority in the district will not be less than from eight to ten thousand in spite of who the opposition candidate may be.

Mr. Kane left for his home Saturday afternoon. He is a very pleasant and entertaining gentleman.

Saw Mill Started.

The saw mill of Holmes & Gilfillan was started yesterday morning, and it is expected that it will run steadily during the summer. It is a small mill as saw mills are to-day but it will give employment to at least a dozen men which will be a help in our industrial line.

A much larger stock of logs are in the pond and on its banks than last year and as the lumber market again has an upward tendency, it is reasonable to suppose that all these logs will be made into lumber this summer.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Mr. Habgood for Speaker.

Under a double column portrait in the Pittsburg Dispatch Saturday was the following interesting statement: "It was authoritatively announced yesterday that the Republican State organization, after consultation and approval by the Republican county leaders, has decided to support for Speaker of the next House Representative Robert P. Habgood of Bradford, McKean county. In a supplemental way it was stated that the selection of Mr. Habgood was endorsed by W. W. Griest and Speaker Frank B. McClain of Lancaster county. Until now it has been the belief that Mr. McClain would be a candidate to succeed himself, but the Dispatch's informant states he will give his support to Mr. Habgood."

Later developments tend to show that Frank B. McClain, speaker of the House during the last session, will be a candidate for re-election and will make a fight to hold that coveted position another term.

We know nothing of Mr. Habgood's intentions, now that Mr. McClain has decided to stay in the race, but should he decide to try conclusions with Mr. McClain, it is quite probable that he could win out, notwithstanding the fact that Speaker McClain was an extremely popular man in the House last year.

Mr. Habgood made a great many firm friends and admirers during his one term in the Assembly who will do all in their power for him if he is a candidate, and this coupled with the fact that Mr. McClain incurred the displeasure of a good many influential Senators by his action on bills just at the close of the session puts our Representative in a position to make a good showing if he chooses to do so.

Civil Court News.

Civil court convened on Monday at 2 p. m., with Hon. Jos. W. Bouton presiding. He is being assisted by Judge Prather of Crawford county. Mr. Prather is the newly elected Judge of that district and is spoken of as a very able and popular young jurist.

The whole time of the court thus far has been taken up with two cases. The case before Judge Prather is that in which P. H. Davitt and J. M. Arrowsmith are suing R. J. Gates for breach of contract. It appears that the plaintiffs had made arrangements to take over a tract of land belonging to the defendant. The latter, it is averred, changed his mind and a contract previously entered into was not fulfilled. The trial of this case may take up the balance of the week.

The case before Judge Bouton is that of Charles L. Girard of this borough vs. the Case Cutlery Co. of Bradford for breach of contract. It is alleged that the defendant company has failed to carry out an agreement made for the use of certain devices belonging to the plaintiff together with his labor. This case will probably be finished to-day.

The libel case of L. Emery, Jr., against the Derrick Publishing Co. has been continued to a later term, as was also the case of the Port Allegany Gas Co. vs. B. L. Whitney and the Bradford Gas Co.

St. Elizabeth's Fair.

The fair which is being held at the Lyceum by St. Elizabeth's church congregation is just as popular as ever and is greeted each night by a large attendance. The booths are well filled with many delicate pieces of fancy work made and donated by the ladies. Purtle's orchestra is furnishing the music for dancing and many are enjoying this popular diversion.

The chicken supper given in the basement of the church on Monday was largely attended and pronounced a most delicious meal by all present. Last evening a hot roast beef supper was given in the same place, always an excellent meal well served and deserved the large attendance it received.

Everybody who has not already attended the fair and supper should do so, as a good time is in store for all.

And Still They Come.

Thomas J. Connors was arrested Tuesday morning by Constable Cline on a warrent charging larceny. It is alleged that early last winter Connors took some clothes that belonged to W. J. Leonard. Being unable to raise $200 bail he will go to Smethport jail to-day.

George Stewart, arrested on a bench warrant last Saturday, was taken to the Smethport jail by Constable Cline on Monday. Stewart, it is alleged, was mixed up in an "affinity" quarrel with Dominic Barone some time ago and of late had been absent from the city. He returned recently and when taken into custody expressed surprise that he should be detected as he had shaved off his moustache. Grace Lee is the woman in the case.—Wednesday's Bradford Era.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

Artists in Embryo.

A few days ago, accompanied by a friend, the writer had the privilege of inspecting the drawings made by pupils under the instruction of Miss Rose Allen of the borough schools. The average age of the young artists is perhaps 13 years and their work was certainly a revelation to one who cherishes an appreciation of the talent, although himself denied the gift of transferring to paper or canvas likenesses of the beauties and wonders of nature and interesting objects with which life is so closely related.

These little sketches show a diversity of perceptions and ideas. It was interesting, sometimes amusing, to note the various portrayals of a boy pupil and a girl pupil, who had posed for the class. The boy carried an open umbrella and stood with his back to the artists. Some of the results were marvels of mechanical accuracy—so accurate in fact that the living, breathing boy was magically transformed into a dummy standing in front of a clothing store. Then there were others with the true touch of the artist, not a collection of lines forming an image, but the object itself faithfully pictured—the live boy transferred to paper. The same was true of the girl model, sometimes the folds and "hang" of the garments would have delighted or shocked the artistic sense of a dressmaker, while others pictured the girl alive—one of their schoolmates standing before them to be copied.

The teacher was called from the room and we were left to "snoop" alone. Down, somewhere in a pile of copies there lurked a little sketch made by a twelve-year-old hand that does not yet know its cunning. It was a "life" study and the life was there, although some of the details were poorly expressed; the mark of genius was also there, carelessly, unconsciously portrayed. He does not yet know his power, but some day will discover it and rejoice, for he has a possession more valuable than gold or jewels. Next to this treasure (horrors!) was a pattern of wall-paper executed by the same pupil, and the observer laughed with sheer delight to find that it was most malignantly, atrociously and murderously executed. Later in life that boy will not have to design wall-paper.

Perhaps all this article is wrong—poor judgment and "telling tales out of school," but in justice to themselves parents ought to know what those youngsters are really capable of. It is interesting, aye, astonishing, not alone in this one room as the writer can readily imagine, but in all. One who guides the destinies of those clever little hands must be peculiarly patient, sympathetic, appreciative and just and this teacher possesses all the requirements in an admirable degree. Therefore she is important to the school in a measure which cannot be realized without an insight into her methods of instructing.

Shawmut Railroad News.

An exchange says: A party of engineers has left St. Marys for the end of the Kersey branch of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad at Weedville to survey and locate a line from Weedville to the headwaters of Sandy Run, in Clearfield county, by which route the West Branch of the Susquehanna will be reached, there to effect a junction with the new P. B. E. R. R., which will be constructed during the coming summer from Binghamton, N. Y. to Pittsburg. It is the opinion of prominent men that this new line from Weedville to the West Branch is but the old Sandy Valley project that was chartered some eight years ago and allowed to lapse. The building of this new line will mean much to the P., S. & N., as it will give it a water grade line to the Eastern markets for coal and heavy freight, with one exception at the dividing waters of Bennets branch and Mosquito creek waters. This short line will tap the rich coal fields in Covington township, Clearfield county, which will be opened in summer. Heavy construction works will be required to cross the New York Central, owing to the elevation of the latter road at the mouth of Sandy Run, and an 80-foot bridge, many hundred feet long, will be thrown diagonally across the river.

Arrested for Removing a Tombstone.

Ezra Crandall was arrested on the 2:40 Pennsylvania train here by Constable Shepard on a charge by Nicholas Baker of removing a tombstone from the Grimes cemetery. It seems that the stone was ordered for Mr. Baker's wife, and all but $10 had been paid on it. Mr. Baker claims that the man did not try to get the $10 but one night got one of the local draymen to help him remove it from the Grimes cemetery and take it elsewhere. The laws of Pennsylvania make an action like this a serious charge, punishable by not exceeding $100 fine, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both. The fact that the monument was not paid for makes no difference taking the tombstone and after some deliberation decided to give bail for his appearance at court. J. M. Butler acted as his bondsman.—Port Allegany Argus.

Subscribe for the MINER.

General Cleaning Day.

At a special meeting of the Travellers' Club held Saturday, April 18th, it was decided to inaugurate a Borough Cleaning Day, to be held on or about May 1.

Before this date all the citizens of the borough will be interviewed by an efficient committee from the Travellers asking their hearty co-operation and personal assistance in this civic enterprise.

Let us have the streets from east to west, from north to south cleaned of old rubbish, waste paper, tin cans, rotted planks, etc., and have the work done in one day under the direction of capable, efficient citizens. Let us make it a work of love we owe to the borough, trusting it will return to us a thousand fold.

There is not a word in the English language that conveys so much joy and sweetness as the word home. There is no place which possesses such over-widening possibilities for good.

If this statement be true, and we think it is, it must pay to beautify home and its surroundings. Surely we need something more than a place to eat and sleep in. Green and well tended sod, artistically planted trees and shrubs and beds of blooming plants and foliage are indeed a "joy forever," but the delight this presence brings is modified when they are brought into close relation with untidy streets strewn with refuse of various kinds, blown hither and thither by rain and wind. To some extent this condition prevails in Smethport.

Borough ordinances have been enacted at various times, but never have been enforced, and are of course inoperative.

The citizens of Smethport are all proud of her, lying as she does like a beautiful cameo amid a setting of rugged mountains. Her long and shady streets, her magnificent homes and public buildings are admired by the stranger within her gates.

Can we not arouse a public sentiment that shall demand better care for street, and the abatement of many nuisances that now exist?

Can we not inaugurate one day each year in which property holders and renters of property will give their services to the town and assist the Travellers club in obliterating many unsightly places?

You will call to mind, when the walls of Jerusalem "laid waste" and the gates were consumed by fire, how wisely Nehemiah rebuilt it. He called upon every man to mark the ruin and said, "Come, let us build up the wall of Jerusalem and be no more a reproach." And as from one man came the answer, "Let us rise up and build."

The Travellers Club asks that no gates be rebuilded, no walls restored, but that each man, woman and child feel they have a personal interest in making Smethport the most beautiful, the best cared for town in northwestern Pennsylvania.

Give up your work, give up your play, give up your leisure for one day and assist in this spring cleaning of our streets and town.

Father Stops an Elopement.

An elopement was planned at Mina a few days ago that was not pulled off. It developed that the irate father of the young woman was a little too brisk for the scheming young couple. The parties of the transaction were:

Miss Clella Ostrander, the sixteen year old daughter of Jerry Ostrander, a well known Mina citizen.

Lawrence Jenkins, the eighteen year old son of Jacob Jenkins, another well known resident of Mina.

Jeremiah Ostrander, father of Miss Clella.

According to the report of the occurrence given the Enterprise Miss Clella accepted the strenuous end of the proposed trip. Lawrence left on the early morning train for Port Allegany, where he was to be joined by his sweetheart later.

Miss Clella alone, but her heart filled with hope and confidence, a little later started out on foot and walked to Roulette where she was to take the next train for Port Allegany to meet her waiting Lawrence. But to her great surprise as the train which she intended to take pulled into Roulette her father alighted and sternly took physical possession of his daughter and brought her back to Mina on the next train. It is said the prospective young bride was much disappointed and that she shed bitter tears. Of course Lawrence was also heart broken and the trip to Canada where, it is said, the young couple expected to go to get married, was not taken. It remains to be seen whether the journey has been declared off or only postponed.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Attention, Dog Owners!

No doubt you are aware that all dogs must be tagged by April 1st, 1908. If not they will be disposed of according to law.

Those who have not purchased tags had better do so at once.

Tags may be purchased at Edgar W. Strong's plumbing shop.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

Carpets Cleaned and Laid.

Any one wishing carpets taken up and cleaned, drop postal or call on H. E. Spring, Hill St. Next to Grist Mill.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Major John C. Backus died at his residence in this borough on Friday Oct. 26, 1888, aged 71 years. Major Backus was born in Lee, Berkshire Co., Mass., in 1817, and when he was three years old his parents removed to Lansing, Tompkins county, N. Y. Here he spent his youth and grew to manhood. Before he became of age he spent several terms at a college in Ohio. After attaining his majority he came to Wellsville, N. Y., and with his older brother, Seth, went into the lumber business. In 1846 they removed to Turtle Point in this county and purchased a mill, the remnants of which were still visable a few years ago. In 1848, having become tired of the incessant and unremunerative toil of the lumberman, he removed to Smethport and entered the law office of M. W. Goodrich, and in due time was admitted to the bar. At the time of his death he was, with the exception of Hon. B. D. Hamlin, of Smethport, the oldest member of the McKean county bar. For over a quarter of a century there was scarcely a single important case before the court in which Mr. Backus was not engaged. In 1874 he was nominated by the Democratic party of McKean and Potter counties as its candidate for Assembly and elected by a large majority. He made an excellent representative and perfected some valuable legislation, but his party was not sufficiently wise and grateful to give him a renomination. He was one of the first to answer the nation's call to arms in 1861, and on December 7th of that year was commissioned Captain of Company E. 58th Regiment, Penn'a Vols. He was one of the charter members of Post 347, G.A.R. of Smethport, and served one term as Commander of the Post. He was made a Mason in Bradford Lodge No. 344, and was one of the charter members of McKean Lodge 388 of Smethport. He held the office of burgess of the borough of Smethport many years, and was one of the most efficient and capable executives the office has known. He had four brothers, two of whom, Frank and George, are now dead, and two, William and Seth A., yet survive him. William lives in Indiana and is 81 years old. He had two sisters, Mrs. Mary Milliken, of Smethport, mother of W.J. Milliken, Esq., of Tarport, and Mrs. Cornelia Davis, of Friendship, N. Y., Mrs. Milliken died a few years ago Mrs. Davis is still living at the advanced age of 87 years. Mr. Backus has been married twice, and leaves a wife and eight children, six boys and two girls to mourn his death. His first wife was Mary Sartwell, one of the first residents of the county, and sister of ex-sheriff R. Sartwell and ex-prothonotary C. K. Sartwell. She had one child, Cora L., who died a few years ago just as she was verging into womanhood universally loved and mourned. Mr. Backus' second wife was Almira Winsor, a sister of B.F. Winsor, deputy sheriff under Sheriff King. Mr. Backus was a member of the St. Luke's Episcopal church of this place, where the funeral services were held on Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., conducted by Rev. J. H. McCandless. The burial ceremonies were in charge of the members of McKean Lodge, No. 388, and were very impressive. The pall-bearers were Messrs. W. B. Chapman and J. W. McClure of Bradford, and members of the McKean county bar, Messrs. D. C. Young and Wm. Haskill of McKean Lodge, A. Y. M., and Capt. P. M. Fuller and L. Rogers of G. A. R. Post 347, and also of the 58th regiment. The members of Post 347 as well as of McKean Lodge followed the remains to the grave in a body.

Saturday afternoon November 10, 1888 about 5 p. m., while Mrs. M. O. Campbell, wife of ex-Superintendent of county schools, was attending to household duties, in their appartments, over the MINER office, her clothing in some way caught fire from the cook stove, and in an instant was wrapped in flames. Her screams reached the ears of the MINER force below, who immediately ran to her assistance. After considerable work the flames were extinguished by the use of blankets and other articles of clothing after having burned her back, sides and hands to a considerable extent. Dr. Brown was summoned and made the unfortunate lady as comfortable as possible. He stated that her injuries were not serious. Mrs. Campbell is doing very well at present, and is very thankful that she escaped death.

The fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Wetenhall was celebrated at their home on Mechanic street, Monday November 12, 1888, on which happy occasion a large congregation of relatives and friends were present. At the breaking up of the merry gathering the happy thought was conceived and suggested of surprising the worthy Sam McClure and wife of Cemetery street, on the following evening, their wedding having occurred the day following that of Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall. Accordingly, the next evening the party headed by Constable Burlingame attacked and took possession of the McClure residence, where a most enjoyable evening was spent. It is needless to say that both of the happy events will be treasured long in the memories of the two couples.

The marriage of Lorenzo Ingley and Mrs. Mettie Graham, occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Beatty, on Mechanic street Tuesday, November 27, 1888, Rev. T. W. Chandler officiating. After the ceremony the happy pair departed for Wellsville, N. Y., the former home of the groom, and other points, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, as far as Olean. Upon their return they will occupy the house lately erected on Water street, by the bride, under the supervision of her father Gilbert Lyman, Esq.

Fielder Jones' Name.

Is Fielder Jones' name Fielder Jones? That's a question that has been asked ever since—or before—the noted leader of the Chicago White Sox broke into fast company.

Evidently it is, for here's what he told the Portland (Ore.) Post man about it:

"When I left the little Pennsylvania town where I had been playing semi-professional ball to join the Pittsburg club, an enterprising reporter came to me and wanted my pedigree. He commenced:

"'What is your full name?'

"'Never got full,' I replied.

"'No kidding. I mean your real name,' said the scribe.

"'Fielder A. Jones.'

"'I know you are a fielder,' said the scribe, 'but what's the handle to the Jones part of your name?'

"'Fielder is my given name,' I replied, commencing to get hot under the collar.

"'Well, I'll have to take it, but where are you from?'

"'Shinglehouse, Pa.'

"'You're too —— fresh for a beginner,' angrily replied the interviewer, and I really believe he would have roasted me unmercifully if I had not been lucky enough to get off good with Pittsburg and batted like a fiend for the season. He really thought I was kidding him, but I was not, for my name is Fielder Alden Jones, and I was born at Shinglehouse, Pa."

That ought to settle the question for some years—but it won't.

I. O. O. F., Attention!

Members of Smethport Lodge, No. 380, I. O. O. F., will meet in the hall at 7 p. m., Sunday, April 26, for the purpose of attending church in a body, said date being the eighty-ninth anniversary of the founding of the order.

Also meet band at the hall on April 27, at 8:45 a. m., to attend the celebration in Bradford. Train leaves at 9:35. Fare for round trip $1.00, including privilege of returning on night flyer.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending April 18, 1908:

Miss Martha O. Barnett, Asa Campbell, Felascio Domenico, Wm. M. Jackson, M. A. Keefer, S. C. Leiter, Edward McCoy, Oleno Oelmuyer, William Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice to Bond Bidders.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received on Borough paving bonds by the Secretary of Smethport Borough on or before the first day of May, 1908. 316 bonds at $100—par value—bearing interest at 6%, payable semi-annually, will be sold. These bonds will begin to mature after one year, and continue to so mature annually, for not more than 16 years, with the right restrved to the Borough to pay off any or all of some at any time before the maturity of same. All bids must be in not later than 8 o'clock p. m., Friday, May the first. The Borough reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. G. HOLDEN,
Sec'y of Council.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Wanted.

Young or middle-aged woman to assist in house work. Good wages to right party. G. W. Johnson, Kushequa, Pa., Supt. Mt. J., K. & R. R. R. Co.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevint.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Barg Chadwick, Prop.

The Ingenuity of Agatha.

By A. W KOENIG

Copyright, 1907, by A W Koenig

"IT'S of no use and it might just as well be in Halifax as in my barnyard," said Ebenezer Hankins to himself. "It ain't good for anything, and what's more I'm sure it never will be."

Old Farmer Hankins stood looking down in evident disgust at the water trough and faucet which had just been placed in his barnyard by order of the officials of the little town of Millidale. Not a drop of water came through the faucet although it was wide open.

When the town officials applied to Farmer Hankins for permission to dig a ditch and lay a water main through his farm on the way from the springs above to the village below he told them that he didn't need any of the water, and he [illegible] understand why he should have his property damaged and all dug up merely to benefit somebody else [illegible] he should receive a substantial and an adequate financial return. [illegible] water commissioner of the village [illegible] Hezekiah Banks declared that he would resort to the law with Farmer Hankins. To this Farmer [illegible] replied that if he chose he might take the law and wallop him as much as he pleased!

While sitting on [illegible] Hankins' fence he had argued with the old man the greater part of a whole day on the wonderful benefit it would be to the people of the village and that Farmer Hankins could not do anything better that would bring him so many friends. In fact he would become a public benefactor. The village was poor and could not very well afford to go to any great expense in the matter of paying for the right of way. However all argument was useless. Still Farmer Hankins [illegible] the farmers were always being swindled in every way by unfeeling corporations and he'd be just as foolish as the rest of them if he were to follow their lead just like a [illegible] sheep." It was at this time that a [illegible] would be [illegible] appeared on the scene, Agatha Banks, the charming daughter of the water commissioner, so fair and [illegible] that Hiram Hankins, the [illegible] son of the old man who owned the farm, had been [illegible] for over a year [illegible] caring more for her than any other girl in Millidale or any of the surrounding towns. One afternoon shortly after her father's failure to come to terms with Farmer Hankins she [illegible] to the scene of contention with her father and sat for quite a long time in the carriage intently listening with a sorrowful expression on her face to the conversation of the two uncompromising men. Finally she made a proposition.

"Mr Hankins," she said very sweetly, "if the town would put a nice water trough here in your barnyard and furnish it with a faucet so that you could have all the water you need all the year round would you not be satisfied to allow them to lay the pipe line through your farm?"

"MR HANKINS," SHE SAID VERY SWEETLY

Farmer Hankins thought that Agatha never looked prettier in all her life but at the same time he was not to be so easily captured. If he wanted a water trough he thought he could have put one there himself without the assistance of the town.

"But you haven't got the spring have you?" Agatha asked innocently. So this settled Farmer Hankins' argument on the point. It was a fact that his farm was destitute of springs so that when as always happened in summer during the dry seasons, the wells on his farm failed his place was as dry as the desert of Sahara.

"Well I'll have to think about it," said Farmer Hankins. "I ain't one of the kind to make up my mind in a hurry. You'd be willin' to do that wouldn't you Hez?"

"Why it's really more than I ought to do," replied the commissioner "but if you'll say right now that you'll accept the proposition made by Agatha I think we can close the bargain now [illegible] now I might not want to do it."

"All right. So far as I am co[illegible] it don't make no difference to me," said Farmer Hankins with a tone of independence in his voice which immediately brought the commissioner to terms.

"I didn't propose it," said Hezekiah, "but I always stand by what Agatha says I must, and I will now."

At this remark Hiram Hankins felt his heart leap within him as Agatha gave him one of her most approving glances, and their carriage drove away. All that evening, while the two were doing the chores, Hiram labored with his father in behalf of the water trough. It was a joy to both of the young people when the next day Farmer Hankins allowed that he guessed they might go ahead with the laying of their pipe line. The water trough was duly installed in the barnyard, and the faucet was attached. Then, when everything was in readiness, on a certain day the water from the spring was let into the main. It leaped into the pipe and went rushing down to the joy of the townspeople, but not a single drop of water came through the half inch pipe which rose up from the main pipe five feet below to the trough in Farmer Hankins' barnyard.

Farmer Hankins then knew it was a conspiracy against him and the town officials never meant to do as they had agreed. Hezekiah Banks always was a rascal, and he might have known better than to trust him. But at the same time it was just as much of a puzzle to the water commissioner as to Farmer Hankins himself why the water went so scornfully past the water trough. He went all over the line himself peering into the faucet and listening with his ear close to its mouth in the vain effort to solve the problem. Then to satisfy himself that the work of laying the pipe and making the connections had been properly done, he ordered that the earth all be dug away and the pipe thoroughly examined. Everything was found to be right and no defect anywhere.

Finally an engineer from the neighboring city was engaged and after very carefully examining the line he decided that the spring being so much higher than the trough the water came through the main pipe with such tremendous force that it had no time to stop at Farmer Hankins' farm. Some were so skeptical as to this man's judgment however that another engineer of still higher repute was summoned. His verdict was that the spring instead of being higher than the trough was in fact much lower. Therefore there was not enough pressure from the spring to push the water up through the faucet.

Now it [illegible] time to see what the [illegible] Farmer Hankins. They [illegible] the water and they [illegible] furnish it.

Some one reminded the [illegible] farmer that the commissioner had only agreed to furnish the trough and the faucet and that the supplying of the water was not in the contract. It was a very perplexing situation. The town must either be deprived of water or the trough must be supplied with it and Farmer Hankins brought suit against the town officials. And now Hiram and Agatha were in trouble again. What would become of their hopes and prospects for the future if matters went on like this?

"I know there must certainly be some way to get water into that trough," Agatha declared. "If I had half the knowledge some folks think they have it seems to me I could fix it."

Agatha suddenly developed a decided taste for studying water in its relation to supplying cities and towns through the medium of the gravity system. When all others would be sound asleep she would be poring over books bearing on the subject which she borrowed from the city library. Then she made numerous visits to the spring. She measured the distance between the spring and another larger, farther up in the village, on the hill side as accurately as she could with her eye.

Still further to complicate matters Farmer Hankins forbade his son Hiram from ever visiting Agatha again.

"We will have nothin' to do with them," he said. "They're a bad lot. I don't know as I really ever heard of anything that Hezekiah Banks had done before this, and I used to think I'd like well enough to have Agatha for a daughter but this thing's enough to convince me that you never would have a minute's peace if you married her—a chip of the old block."

Hezekiah in the meantime declared that Hiram never must darken his doorstep again. "Good enough fellow, but what's bred in the bone will surely tell."

So matters remained thus for several weeks, until it was almost time for the trial of Farmer Hankins' suit. On the night before the day of the trial Farmer Hankins was very restless and could get no sleep. He had always boasted that he never sued a man or had been sued in his life but now the record was to be broken. While tossing on his pillow shortly after the clock had struck 12 he heard a very peculiar noise that seemed to be near the house upon the hillside. The oftener he heard it the more mystified and curious he became. He looked out of his window and the full moon was shining brightly and by the aid of its beams he could clearly distinguish a man's form standing near the spring on the side of the hill while from the ditch he heard the sounds which disturbed his slumbers. He dressed as quickly as he could and went out creeping along the fence until he was within hearing distance.

"Now, Agatha, it's about time you got out of that ditch," he heard a voice say. "That's too hard work for you."

"All right, Hiram, but I think your hands are too sore to dig any more," was the answer Farmer Hankins heard coming from the ditch.

"I'll bet yours are blistered all over Agatha. This old ditch will kill us all I guess."

"Oh, they'll get over it even if they are blistered," came back the voice from the ditch clear and loud. "I have made up my mind that we will see the end of this before we go back home."

Then Farmer Hankins sprang toward the spot and looked down, with astonished face into the ditch. There Agatha stood with pick in hand and her face flushed red as fire.

"In the name of common sense, children, what's goin' on here?" he asked sharply.

There was a little shriek of surprise from Agatha, and Hiram made a flying leap down the hillside. But there seemed to be absolutely no way of escape for poor brave Agatha. However she just leaned against the bank of earth with her hands still grasping the pick and her head bare to the night breeze. The long line of newly dug earth which stretched away up the hillside showed the astonished farmer that a new trench was being dug from the other large spring to the end of the pipe which supplied the village with water.

YOU'VE WON TWO SUITS FAIR AND SQUARE

"Oh Mr Hankins," Agatha cried as something very much like a sob found its way along with her words, "I hope you will not be angry with Hiram and me, will you? It's all my fault any way. I couldn't bear to think of letting that miserable old lawsuit go on about the trough. It has worried all of us most to death. I guess I have studied mostly all the books in the city and finally I thought I would just get to work at it myself and use a little common sense. It seemed to me that there must be some reason why the water wouldn't run up into your water trough and I made up my mind that if there could be a little more pressure back of the other spring that would be all that was needed. So Hiram and I have been digging this ditch. We have the pipe laid down as far as we have gone, and now we are almost to the spring. If you only hadn't come so soon!" And as Agatha spoke she turned her face away and dropped the pick.

"Come, father, won't you go back to bed and let us finish the job?" Hiram asked, after recovering his surprise. "We'll have the water running into the trough in less than half an hour. All we have to do is to make the connections between the pipes to the lower spring."

"You go to bed yourself! I'll not think of letting Agatha dig here in this dark ditch any longer!" And Farmer Hankins sprang down into the ditch, lifting her gently out of the narrow quarters in which she had been working so heroically. In a few minutes the job was completed and the two pipes were joined by Hiram, who had provided himself with a rude kit of tools for that purpose. Then all three of them hastened down to the water trough in Farmer Hankins' barnyard. Agatha turned the faucet, her fingers trembling a little as she did so. A gurgle of joy greeted their ears, and a moment later the water came trickling through the pipe and then fairly gushed out in a stream. So that Agatha's ingenuity had solved the problem which had defied the knowledge and skill of the water commissioner and all the rest of the wise men who had made the unsuccessful attempts to run the water up through Farmer Hankins' water pipe. All three stood watching the water pouring out of the faucet for a few moments in silence. Then Farmer Hankins took Agatha by the hand and said "Now you go home, little girl, and get a good night's rest. You've won two suits fair and square."

And that was the end of the trouble but the town officials rewarded Hiram and Agatha for this little act, which avoided so much trouble and unpleasantness, when a few months later they set up the family hearthstone.

At the next meeting of that august body one of the officials made a motion "that a pipe line be laid from the village main to the farmyard of this worthy young couple and supply water for their stock free for all time with a faucet at the back kitchen door within easy reach of the charming mistress." And the motion was passed and agreed to without a dissenting voice.

Mr Wm H Anderson M D of Soda Springs, Ida says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness whooping cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O A Anderson, Colegrove

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WHITMAN'S WILD RIDE

It Was Worth Three Stars to the American Flag.

SAVED US VAST TERRITORY.

The Perilous Journey of Four Thousand Miles From Oregon to Washington Made by a Brave Man and the Results Which Followed In Its Wake.

The ride of Marcus Whitman was over snow capped mountains and along dark ravines traveled only by savage men. It was a plunge through icy rivers and across trackless prairies, a ride of 4,000 miles across a continent in the dead of winter to save a mighty territory to the Union.

Compared with this what was the feat of Paul Revere, who rode eighteen miles on a calm night in April to arouse a handful of sleeping patriots and thereby save the powder at Concord?

Whitman's ride saved three stars to the American flag. It was made in 1842.

In 1792 during the first administration of Washington Captain Robert Gray who had already carried the American flag around the globe, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river. He sailed several miles up the great stream and landed and took possession in the name of the United States.

In 1805, under Jefferson's administration this vast territory was explored by Captains Lewis and Clark, whose reports were popular reading for our grandfathers but the extent and value of this distant possession were very slightly understood and no attempt at colonization was made save the establishment of the fur trading station of Astoria in 1811.

Strangely though England too claimed this same territory by virtue of rights ceded to it by Russia and also by the Vancouver surveys of 1792. The Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurers for traders. So here was a vast territory as large as New England and the state of Indiana combined which seemed to be without any positive ownership. But for Marcus Whitman it would have been lost to the Union.

It was in 1836 that Dr Whitman and a party of the name of Spaulding with their young wives the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains, entered the valley of the Columbia and founded a mission of the American board. They had been sent out to Christianize the Indians but Whitman was also to build a state.

He was at this time thirty five years old. In his journeys to and fro for the mission he soon saw the vast possibilities of the country and he saw too that the English were already apprised of this and were rapidly pouring into the territory. Under the terms of the treaties of 1818 and 1828 it was the tacit belief that whichever nationality settled and organized the splendid territory would hold it. If England and the English fur traders had been successful in their plans the three great states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho would now constitute a part of British Columbia. But it was not destined to be.

In the fall of 1842 it looked as if there would be a great inpouring of English into the territory and Dr Whitman took the alarm. There was no time to lose. The authorities at Washington must be warned. Hastily bidding his wife adieu Dr Whitman started on his hazardous journey. The perils hardships and delays he encountered on the way we can but faintly conceive. His feet were frozen, he nearly starved, and once he came very near to losing his life. He kept pushing right on and at the end of five terrible months he reached Washington.

He arrived there a worn bearded, strangely picturesque figure clad entirely in buckskin and fur a typical man of the prairies. He asked audience of President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster, and it was accorded him. All clad as he was, with his frozen limbs just in from his 4,000 mile ride Whitman appeared before the two great men to plead for Oregon.

His statement was a revelation to the administration. Previous to Whitman's visit it was the general idea in congress that Oregon was a barren, worthless country fit only for wild beasts and wild men. He opened the eyes of the government to the limitless wealth and splendid resources of that western territory. He told them of its great rivers and fertile valleys, its mountains covered with forests and its mines filled with precious treasures. He showed them that it was a country worth keeping and that it must not fall into the hands of the English. He spoke as a man inspired and his words were heeded.

What followed—the organization of companies of emigrants, the rapid settlement of the territory and the treaty made with Great Britain in 1846 by which the forty ninth parallel was made the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains—are matters of history.

The foresight and the heroism of one man and his gallant ride had saved three great states to the Union.—Omaha World Herald

Two Ways

Jack—In the oriental world a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married. Floss—How odd! In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterward.—New York Globe

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup—the cough syrup that tastes nearly as good as maple sugar and which children like so well to take. Unlike nearly all cough remedies, it does not constipate, but on the other hand it acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Always use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

SHEFFIELD PLATE.

History of This Now Very Rare and Valuable Ware

Sheffield plate differs from all other plated ware in that the plating was done on the sheet metal before the article was shaped. Before and since then plating of various sorts has been applied only to the finished piece as in our electroplating process. Moreover the plating was done on copper while modern base metal is usually composed of an amalgam of copper, nickel and zinc.

Furthermore it is possible for the collector to secure examples of early Georgian and so called Queen Anne work in Sheffield plate, while the rarity and high money value of silver ware of that period make its acquisition extremely difficult. Sheffield plate historically and artistically is as worthy of a place beside old china and old mahogany as is old silverware.

In 1742 one Thomas Bolsover of Sheffield, England described in the histories as an "ingenious mechanic," accidentally fused some silver and copper while repairing a knife. He began experimenting seeking for a method of plating copper with silver for the manufacture of small articles. In 1743 together with Joseph Wilson he set up a factory for the manufacture of buckles, snuffboxes and knife handles.

Joseph Hancock soon got hold of the secret and perfecting it demonstrated that it was possible to imitate the finest and most richly embossed silver ware. Settling in Sheffield he [illegible] the manufacture of all sorts of domestic pieces. Beginning modestly [illegible] horsepower he later added water power for the rolling process. Other manufacturers followed his example. Sheffield plate soon began to replace pewter on the tables of the English middle classes. Altogether we know of twenty three important manufacturers of this ware.

The industry flourished until the middle of the nineteenth century and so few pieces of copper rolled plate were made after that time that they need not concern the collector. Electroplating was discovered or invented by a medical student of Rotherham near Sheffield and the new process was patented on March 25 1840. By 1870 the new ware was on the market everywhere and the industry had been revolutionized.—Country Life In America.

BISMARCK'S ANGER.

The Incident That Made Certain the Franco German War

The Princess Bismarck's [illegible] the [illegible] changed the political history of France [illegible] and but for her the Franco-Prussian war might never have occurred.

Bismarck was unfriendly to France but the Empress Eugenie hoped with her beauty to influence him so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German prince and his wife to visit the court of France and the Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the Tuileries.

That evening there was a grand reception and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German stolid and in love with his wife stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came, with his wife upon his arm.

Now, the Princess Bismarck was tall and gaunt, and her feet were generous. As she walked she showed a great deal of sole.

While Bismarck stood talking with Eugenie an audible titter was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who was quick as a flash followed the glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife.

That settled the matter. The political history of France was altered from that moment.

A year later, when Paris was besieged, Bismarck himself fired a cannon over the ramparts, and those who were near him heard him shout:

"Take that for the feet of the Princess Bismarck!"

The slight was avenged.

The Mayflower

Never did a ship sail with such momentous results as the little west country clipper schooner the Mayflower but few people have bothered to ask what was her fate after she had landed the heroic band of Englishmen on Plymouth rock. As a matter of fact, she drifted into the cotton trade and sank after many years of service for the East India company at Masulipatam, on the coast of India.—London Standard

A Third Need

"You need," said the expert to the sufferer, "two pairs of glasses, one for reading and one for long distance."

"Can't you make it three pairs?" asked the man who had made a study of his own case. "I'd like some short sighted ones to use on bill collectors."—Nashville American

Agreed With Him.

Father (calling from head of stairs at 11.30 p. m.)—Jennie, don't you think it's about time to go to bed? Jennie—Yes, papa dear. What on earth keeps you up so late?—Pathfinder

Not Unusual.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "I ketches myse'f lambastin' a mule foh doin' purty much de same as I would do if I was in de mule's place!"—Washington Star

Nature creates merit, fortune brings it into play.—Rochefoucauld.

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The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weaknesses and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

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No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong professional indorsement of each of its several ingredients—worth more than any number of ordinary non-professional testimonials. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol, harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. In any condition of the female system, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must not be expected of this "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It *will* often *prevent* them, if taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

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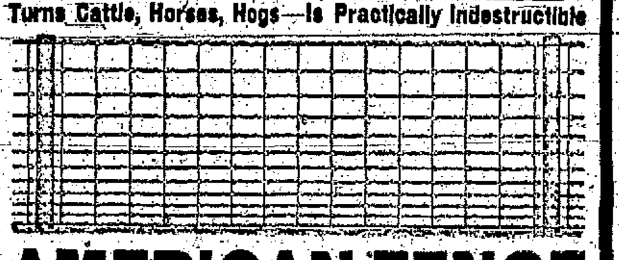

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 23, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fry & Comes have a change of ad to-day.

—A. E. Foster & Co. have something to say about hams in their ad to-day that is of interest.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has an interesting advertisement to-day concerning the forty beaches of New Jersey. Don't fail to read it.

—Charles Olmstead for the past 20 years in charge of the pump station at Ormsby, departed on Saturday with his son, for Ashtabula, O.—Bradford Era.

—The Maplewood Club of Ormsby will give an enjoyable dance to-morrow night and all are invited to attend. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music. Dance tickets, $1.00. Supper, 75c per couple.

—Once more there is joy in Pittsburg. Hans Wagner has finally joined the National league base ball team and the fans smile again. Wagner is perhaps the greatest base ball player in the world and will receive $10,000 for his season's work.

—As far as the weather was concerned Easter was not a spectacular success. Many "glad rags" prepared for the occasion did not see the light of day and dealers in potted plants and cut flowers were left with large stocks on their hands.

—The Germans of Buffalo, probably the champion basket ball team of the United States, defeated the Pah Kah team of Eldred recently by a score of 86 to 18 While rather expecting defeat the Eldred boys were not looking for anything so crushing and are still dazed by the rings that were played around [illegible]. Faust, a member of the German [illegible] played shortstop for Smethport in [illegible] of the McKean-Potter base ball [illegible].

—The Miner was misinformed regarding the alleged nomination of E. W. Jones as the Prohibition candidate for sheriff. The informant seemed positive and the matter was not given proper attention. The Prohibition ticket contained the names of two candidates for that office, and O. E. Piper was the one who received the nomination. It was an annoying error and the Miner regrets that several exchanges were mislead and copied the item.

—A. J. Hoffman, proprietor of a butterine store on Congress street, has been arrested at the instigation of Pure Food Inspector Pelton, charged with alleged violation of the law regulating the sale of butterine. Mr. Hoffman was arraigned before Alderman Foley Thursday afternoon and furnished bail to the amount of $800 for his appearance at the June term of court.—Bradford Era.

—An interesting bowling match between Smethport bankers and the Bradford National bank team was rolled on the Country club alleys Thursday evening. The Bradford team won the three games and in the total score led by 400 pins. At the conclusion of the match, the Bradford team served a lunch in honor of the visiting team. The total scores for the match follow: Smethport team — Purtle, 405; Allen, 490; Lee, 477; Redfield, 445; McCoy, 447. Bradford team — H. J. Haggerty, 493; Purple, 576; Bell, 499; Schonblom, 491 and Lowe 554. Mr. Haggerty was high score.—Bradford Star.

—The citizens of Smethport voted in favor of paving their Main street at a special election held on Monday. The proposition carried by 68 majority. The question was up before, but owing to some irregularity it was not passed and hence the people had to vote over. We believe that when the Main street is paved that the residents of the county seat will be so well pleased with the result that more will be done each year.—Port Allegany Reporter. There was no "irregularity" about the first proposition which was passed by a large majority, but it was found that none of the bids came within the amount of funds provided for the specifications, hence the second election when new plans were submitted.

—An explosion of gas badly damaged a dwelling house on 3rd street, Bradford, Friday night and three persons were injured. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Phillips and his half-brother, Howard Bartlett, had just moved their household goods into the house and it is evident that the gas connections were not in proper order. The two men were leaving the house on an errand and Mrs. Phillips accompanied them to the front door with a lamp. A terrific explosion occurred and the porch fell pinning Mr. Bartlett under the wreckage and hurling Mr. Phillips against a wagon. Mrs. Phillips was forced back into the house and the door wrenched from its hinges fell upon her. She was severly injured and was cared for by neighbors until medical aid arrived. The men's injuries were slight.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Grange News.

The Miner will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FIDELITY GRANGE, SMETHPORT.

(Written by Alice H. Gallup.)

Fidelity Grange is arranging to observe the anniversary of the opening of the Grange bank.

One candidate was instructed in the first and second degrees at the last meeting. Third and fourth degrees will be conferred at the next meeting, May 2nd, and supper served.

Lecturer Laura B. Sawyer has prepared the following program for May 10th: Song, Grange Melodies; Select Reading, Mrs. Helen Ormsby; Recitation, Harry Pattison; Select Reading, Mrs. A. E. Hackett; Discussion, "The best method to cultivate clover,"; Select Reading, Mrs. Ada Burdick; Song, Grange Melodies; Discussion, "How to raise potatoes on heavy soil,"; Select Reading, Mrs. Ellen Hyde; Recitation, Mrs. Lydia Abbey; Select Reading, Mrs. Anna McGowan; Discussion, "The effect of lime on different soil and how best to apply it."

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

We are many times asked, "What is the Grange?" To those we will say:

The Grange is one place where people get their rights and are warmly welcomed. It is a place where people have a chance to use their talents and not only have a chance, but are asked to do all they can to help along the work. Practice makes perfect and we notice much improvement among the members along such lines as literary workers, orators, writers, declaimers, etc. It is truly a blessing, socially. There the farmer and his family rests from the cares and strenuous labors of the week getting renewed strength for greater future achievements in his tasks, that without the Grange become monotonous and wearisome. There are many outside the Grange that we would welcome as members, whom we believe would be benefited by becoming members and would also benefit the Grange with their helpfulness and presence. The object of the Grange is to further the interests of Husbandry. To create a nobler and better manhood and womanhood it is as necessary for the advancement of the adult, mentally and morally, as the school is for the children. Life is a school and no one is too old to learn. To all who are interested in mental and moral growth and are engaged in husbandry the Grange extends a welcome greeting.

General News.

Miss Laura Day's school closed recently.

Frank Dickerson was home for a few days last week on a visit.

The interior of D. W. Derby's house is receiving a coat of paint and paper.

A. R. Cory is one of the solicitors for capital stock for the proposed new Grange store.

A little boy baby called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Paterson, April 13, and was graciously cared for by Mrs. Asa Champlain, the child's great grandmother, who was present. Mother and child are doing well.

A carload of roller bolts was shipped from here last week by Bert Smith. The mill is now shut down for repairs.

Roy Mazler and family will occupy the house vacated by Vick Tyler.

Bible Blunders.

Some curious errors have crept into the Bible at various times, giving names to the editions containing them. Here are some instances: The "Unrighteous" Bible, from the misprint "the 'unrighteous' shall inherit the kingdom;" the "Placemakers'" Bible, "blessed are the placemakers'" (peacemakers); the "Printers'" Bible, "the 'printers' (for princes) have persecuted me;" the "Treacle" Bible, "Is there no 'treacle' (balm) in Gilead?" the "Vinegar" Bible, "the parable of the 'vinegar'" (vineyard); the "Bug" Bible, "thou shalt not be afraid of 'bugs' (bogies) by night;" the "Breeches" Bible, "they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves 'breeches;'" the "Idle" Bible, "woe to the 'idle'" (idol), and finally the "Wooden Leg" Testament, so called from the frontispiece depicting Satan limping with a wooden leg.

Just a Fish Story.

We cannot refrain from recording the most curious capture of a fish that has come to our notice. The circumstance was retailed many years ago by Mr. Heathcote, one of the great authorities on the fens. A Mr. Richardson of Peterborough was skating on the dikes when the ice was very clear, and he noticed a large pike swimming in front of him. The fish was terrified by the apparition and swam in front of the skater until it stopped from sheer exhaustion. The skater broke the ice and took out the fish with his hand, which proved to be a pike weighing twelve pounds. It is a story difficult even for a fisherman or a local historian to cap.—London Outlook.

Not Disturbed.

Nassau William Senior, the English political economist, was a frequent guest of Lord Lansdowne at Lansdowne House and on one occasion was busily writing, quite abstracted as usual, in a room full of company when Tom Moore was singing. The scratch of his pen was not an agreeable accompaniment, and at last one of the company asked very politely, "You are not fond of music, Mr. Senior?" "No," he replied, "but it does not disturb me in the least. Pray go on."

30 days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pineules. Relieves back-ache, weak back, lame back, rheumatic pains. Best on sale for kidneys, bladder and blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the Miner.

The True Mechanic.

After a man has worked in shops for ten or fifteen years there is a great desire for a change. Some want to go out on a farm, others think that the invention of something that can be patented will solve the problem, while others want to own and run a shop themselves. The latter is really the true mechanic, but not necessarily the man who will get out the most or even the best work while working for a boss, says Charles Henry in the Workers' Magazine. On the contrary, he will often be considered the lazy man by the foreman when the work is of an ever recurring character. Let, however, some difficulty arise in connection with a job or have some hard proposition to meet and he will always have a suggestion to offer that will help to solve the problem, while the ordinary man and the hustler will stand around helpless and often disinterested. He will have the elementary laws of mechanics and physics at his finger tips, will know enough of electricity to allow him to discourse upon the subject in an intelligent manner, and he will be well posted upon the mechanical progress of the day.

A Dressmaker of Yarmouth.

In the churchyard of Caister, close to Yarmouth, is the grave of the "quiet, little, gentle voiced dressmaker," of whom at her death in October, 1843, the then bishop of Norwich said, "I would canonize Sarah Martin if I could." Yarmouth reveres her to this day. A stained glass window has been placed to her memory in the parish church, where her prayer book is still preserved, while her journal is one of the treasures of the public library in the tollhouse. Underneath this building was the miserable dungeon which served as the borough prison, and it was to the amelioration of the lot of the wretched prisoners that Sarah Martin devoted her life. Earning a bare subsistence of fifteen pence a day by toiling from early morning till far on into the night, she yet managed to give up one day in the week to her labor of love. She died in poverty, but the result of her life's work was the reform of the prison system of Yarmouth.—London Chronicle.

Burned It Into Memory.

One of the most characteristically eccentric things ever done by Gelett Burgess (and one of the few true stories of him) was to spend three or four days in constructing of cardboard, mica and green velvet a little model of an old New England house, complete as to windows, curtains, lawn, garden, trees and even including a hammock with a tiny hat and summer novel and washing stretched out on a clothesline on the back stoop. This was for a dinner given to several literary friends in New York, and when the coffee was served he deliberately set fire to the whole affair. His explanation was that had it been spared his guests might have forgotten the affair, but they would always remember the destruction of the house. No one who ever saw the little house go up in smoke on its little hill of damp moss will ever forget it.

The Misplaced Comma.

"Some lawsuits of the highest importance have hinged upon the right placing of a comma," said a judge. "When I first started to practice law a Missouri editor came to me in a peck of trouble to defend him against a threatened libel suit growing out of faulty punctuation. He had not meant to give some innocent young women the slightest offense when he wrote a story about 'two young men who went with their girls to attend a lecture and after they left the girls got drunk.' Putting that miserable little comma out of its right place did the work, as it made the girls the ones who became inebriated instead of their escorts. I managed by proper diplomacy and the publication of a neat apology to stave off the damage suits, and afterward my editorial friend became an expert on punctuation."—Baltimore American.

Taunting.

Old Noah hoisted up a barrel stave and started off for the stern of the ark.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Noah.

"I am going to whale that boy Ham," replied Noah, with a frown.

"But, my dear, the lad is only playing on his banjo."

"Yes, but it is the tune he is playing."

"And what is the tune?"

"'Wait Till the Sun Shines, Lizzie.'"—Chicago News.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended

Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. We have a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, crash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,

Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages, and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

[illegible]sted's POTTED PLANTS

[illegible]ER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column per annum payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday April 23, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sennemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport.

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

THE negro centenarian, James Nichols Vann of Orange county, N. Y., was 101 years old yesterday, according to newspaper dispatches, and is still hale and hearty and says he expects soon to marry his 15th wife. His 14th wife died last December. All his wives have been white women.

THE great coal strike has been amicably settled and 200,000 miners went to work Monday. The operators and workmen have reached an agreement good for the next two years. The miners will work eight hours per day. This satisfactory settlement of a big labor question effects the miners of western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

THE street railway strike in Chester is still on, but no serious disturbances are reported within the past few days. The traction company is running cars unmolested and a troop of the State constabulary is on the ground ready to prevent disorder. The troop is under the command of Capt. Joe Robison, formerly city editor of the Bradford Era.

HENRY CHADWICK, known wherever the great national game is played as the "father of base ball," is dead. He lived in Brooklyn and was born 85 years ago. Mr. Chadwick was born in England and came to America when a small boy. He took a great interest in base ball as it was then played and made it a study. He was constantly suggesting changes and improvements and the game as it is played to-day is largely the result of his efforts.

RAILROAD detectives as a class are not the most popular and honorable people in the country and one of them, Daniel Rearden by name is in prison in Buffalo and will probably have to answer to a charge of murder. He shot a switchman as he claims by mistake and the man is dying. The detective acted the coward both before and after the shooting and according to the Buffalo paper is a badly scared person, who is in a very serious predicament.

HARRY THAW's latest move is to start habeas corpus proceedings through his attorney to obtain his release from the asylum for the criminal insane at Matteawan, N. Y. This move is in direct opposition to the wishes of Thaw's family and such friends as are supposed to have his welfare at heart. It is also contrary to Evelyn Thaw's plans. She wishes to quickly obtain a divorce and be securely hidden in some place distant from New York when her husband is released.

ROMAN Catholics in Philadelphia are celebrating the centenial of the archdiocese this week, and as a consequence are entertaining some of the most noted churchmen of the country as well as other famous men. At a banquet tonight at the Bellevue-Stratford, Attorney General Bonapart, Justice White of the United States supreme court, Governor Stuart and other notables will speak. Among the eminent prelates who have invitations to participate in the celebration are Mgr. Falconio, the apostolic delegate to the United States, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Farley of New York, Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, Bishop McFaul of Trenton, Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg, Bishop Garvey of Altoona, Bishop Canevin of Pittsburg, Bishop Hoban of Scranton and Bishop Fitzmaurice of Erie.

OVER trouble concerning the establishment of an Italian postal system in Turkey, the Italian government was on the point of sending a fleet of war ships to make a demonstration in Turkish waters the first of the week, but Turkey backed down at a critical moment and war was averted. France and Turkey are now in trouble because of the failure of the latter government to live up to its agreements in regard to certain privileges granted French mining operators and the affair may cause serious complications.

IN a recent game of baseball at Rayville, La., R. D. Mandum, a player on the University of Louisiana team, received injuries which caused his death. Had this death occurred as a result of football almost every paper in the country would have published the fact under a scare head; the great mass of the American people who know nothing of football would hold up its hands in horror over the murderous brutality of the game. Football is not a game for weaklings, but when the casulties and deaths are figured up and compared it will be found that baseball claims by far the largest number of victims.

A WASHINGTON dispatch dated April 21, says: After a consultation with Senator Knox to-day, Chairman W. R. Andrews of the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania, announced that the State Convention which meets in Harrisburg on Wednesday of next week will be asked to elect the following as delegates-at-large to the Republican National Convention at Chicago: Governor Edwin S. Stuart; Colonel Charles A. Root, publisher of the Pittsburg Dispatch; James Elverson, publisher of the Philadelphia Inquirer, and Robert P. Habgood, editor of the Bradford Star. The selection of Mr. Habgood as the fourth delegate was made by Senator Knox personally as a recognition of the younger element of the Republican party, the others having been agreed upon some time ago. Mr. Habgood, who is president of the State League of Republican clubs, is also president of the Pennsylvania State Editorial Association.

NOTICE

For Convention of School Directors to Elect County Superintendent.

To the School Directors of McKean county:

Gentlemen:—In pursuance of the forty-third section of the act of May 8, 1854, you are hereby notified to meet in convention, at the court house, in Smethport, Pa. at 1:30 p. m. on the first Tuesday in May, A. D. 1908, being the fifth day of the month, and select, viva voce, by a majority of the whole number of directors present, one person of literary and scientific acquirements, and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as county superintendent, for the three succeeding years; and certify the result to the State Superintendent, at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said act.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE,
County Superintendent of
McKean County.

April 14, 1908.

Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and in the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use it occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906."

ManZan Pile Remedy, price 50c, is guaranteed. Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of piles. Soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Rings Little Liver Pills for billiousness and sick-headache. They clean the system and clear the skin. Price 25c. Try them. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Go to Mrs. Spring's for your Millinery.

Everything of the Latest and up-to-date at the Lowest Prices.

Being connected with a leading New York store will receive goods every week.

Call and get convinced. Seeing is believing.

Next to Green's Grist Mill on Hill St.

Bell Bros.' Big Department Store.

Olean's Garment Store, the largest and most complete in its up-to-dateness in this part of the state.

Come here for Exclusiveness. Come here for little Women's Suits. Come here for big Women's Suits. Prices in this store always the cheapest; quality always the best. This Great Store is splendidly ready for your Spring buying.

Junior and Misses Suits, shadow stripes and checks in pretty browns and blues and striped mixtures, value $18.00 for $14.95.

This Suit made with full pleated and gored skirts, coat semi-fitting effect.

Women's Fancy Voile and Panama Suits, prices $24.75 to $75.

Women's Princess and Jumpers Suits, materials of silk, linen or batiste; colors, brown, navy copenhagen, pink, light blue and white; value $15.00 for $10.75, value $19.50 for $15.00. Additional values, $25, $35 up to $45.

Women's Spring Coats.

Long length, loose black taffeta, loose hanging coats at $10.98.

A beautiful line of jaunty hip length coats, material of broadcloth and panama. Shaped mannish. Collar or Collarless. Model at $7.50, $10, $12.50 up to $18.50.

Beautiful line of Lingerie Dresses made of fine, soft materials, in pretty pink, blue or plain white. One piece Princess effect, trimmed with val laces, at $7.50, $9.50, $12.50, $15.00 up to $25.00

Separate Coats for Girls.

Excellent showing this week, in fact the mannish coat is far in the lead. Prices $2.98, $5 up to $15.00. For the older girls Box Coats and Prince Chap, prices $4.95 to $25.00.

Confirmation Dresses.

A line of Princess and two-piece suits from $5.00 to $30.00.

Ladies' and Little Women's Skirts.

Stylish skirts made up in Voiles, Panamas and Serges, both pleated and full gored; colors, black, navy, brown and white; prices, $4.95 to $30.00.

Shirt Waists.

You simply must have a couple of new Shirt Waists. Very Special. We offer during the coming week 25 doz. $1.25 handsome white Waists, embroidery and lace trimmed, choice 69c.

Selected from a lot of $1.98 Waists with Filet embroidery panels, etc., choice $1.25.

Lingerie Waists of dainty lace batiste ground, prices from $1.95 to $12.50.

Very stylish Lace Waists, white and ecru, at $3.98 to $18.00.

Automobile Coats Odorless and Guaranteed.

BELL BROTHERS

Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

Do Not Fail to Call and Inspect Our

EASTER GOODS

All the most Exclusive Novelties of the Season.

MARY L. BISETT,

CITY STORE

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $298,000.00
Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST
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BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle, 50 cents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE FORTY BEACHES OF NEW JERSEY.

The one-hundred and twenty-five odd miles along the New Jersey coast line from Long Branch to Cape May presents the greatest pleasuring section in the United States.

Upon the bluffs of the northern end and the gently shelving sands of the southern end are located forty resorts which entertain during the spring and summer season millions of pleasure seekers.

At no time in the year is this section more delightful than during the spring and early summer months. One who has not seen them at this season would marvel at their delights. The great pine belt, which extends through the center of New Jersey, fills the air with life-giving ozone, which combined with the salty tang of the sea and the open air exercise possible at all times, is exhilarating and tonic to the highest degree.

Long Branch, with its beautiful cottage-neighbors, West End, Hollywood, and Elberon; Deal and Allenhurst, largely devoted to cottage life; Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, attracting thousands yearly; Avon, Belmar, Como, Spring Lake, and Sea Girt, are a galaxy of attractive places upon the bluffs where "the country meets the sea."

Then the Barnegat Bay section, where Point Pleasant, Sea Side Park, Island Heights, Barnegat City, and Beach Haven, with other smaller places nearby, welcome the summer sojourner.

Atlantic City, with its seven miles of beach and drives, and its charming suburbs, leads the island resorts, separated from the main land by the great salt marshes.

Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, and Stone Harbor; Anglesea, Wildwood, Holly Beach, and Wildwood Crest also have a large summer population.

And Cape May, with its new million-dollar hotel and its wonderful improvements makes a fitting climax and holds a high place among the forty beaches.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is the direct route to all of these resorts from all sections of the country. Its splendid train service makes each of them neighbor to all the rest and to the world at large.

New Spring Hats

Swell Clothing

New Neckwear

Everything up-to-date for Men.

We Like Lookers.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS	LETTUCE
RADISHES	CUCUMBERS
CELERY	SPINACH
TOMATOES	STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

Grocery

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

Think of the satisfaction of knowing that when we sell "Swift's Premium Hams" that we have made a satisfied customer—one who will come back and ask for MORE. We do not claim "Premium Hams" to be cheaper than any other brands, but we do claim them to be the biggest value for your money. "Quality Counts."

Swift's Premium Hams	15c per lb.
" Regular "	13c " "
" Picnic "	10c " "

A. F. FOSTER & CO

SPECIAL EASTER OFFERING

SUITS AND SKIRTS FOR EASTER WEAR

New garments that will suit your needs and please your purse.

SHOES AND OXFORDS

Queen Quality, Patrician, Clarice, Dorris and Bernalda. These lines will cover the Oxford trade from $1.50 to $4.00 per pair and give you the best values for the amount invested and the best side is that every one will FIT and WEAR.

HOSIERY SPECIALS

Children's 15c Black Ribbed Hose, Friday and Saturday only, sizes 5 to 8½, at 9c per pair or 3 for 25c.

NOTICE

With every pair of $3.00 or $3.50 Oxfords Friday and Saturday we give a handsome Ladies' collar. Each in box.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

Munsville Plows
Spring Tooth Harrows
Planet Jr. Hand Drills
Shovel Plows & Cultivators

JUST RECEIVED A CARLOAD OF

BARBED WIRE & ELECTRIC WELD FENCING

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 23, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Blouse suits in the latest fabrics, are advertised by Monheimer to-day.

—Andorfer & Lyle have an interesting change of advertisement this week.

—Mrs. J. B. Eastman entertained the Bridge Whist club yesterday afternoon.

—C. M. Colegrove was drawn as a petit juror for U. S. circuit court, Pittsburg May 25.

—The Smethport Hose company, in uniform, will attend St. Elizabeth's fair at the Lyceum to-night.

—J. Lawrence Morrison has been drawn as a petit juror for the May sitting of the United States District court in Pittsburg.

—The date for the execution of Ora Odell of Emporium, who is under sentence of death for the murder of his wife, has been fixed for June 2, 1908.

—Hot chicken supper at the hose house Saturday afternoon, May 2nd, at 5:30 o'clock. The Ladies of the Maccabees cordially solicit your attendance. Price 25 cents.

—One of the tanks in the Berney-Bond Bottle factory bursted yesterday afternoon. Little damage was done but it will necessitate the lay-off of half the men until Monday.

—Bernard Krayvetsky, 12 years old, of Erie, Monday afternoon committed suicide by hanging from a bedpost. He used his necktie for a noose. No reason is known for the act.

—Watch the label on your paper. Remember the publisher is not allowed to send papers to subscribers more than a year in arrears. The best and cheapest plan is to pay in advance.

—F. H. Hungiville, for a number of years a popular salesman at Wm. Monheimer's store, has resigned that position and will enter the employ of the Backus Novelty Co., about May 1st.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, April 26, the Archdeacon of Pittsburg the Rev. Lewis F. Cole will officiate. The services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Services at All Saints' chapel at 2:30 p. m.

—The Easter services at the various churches last Sunday were interesting, and appropriately in keeping with the festal spirit of the day. Choirs sang beautiful selections rehearsed for this occasion, and the churches were decorated with profusions of fragrant blossoms and potted plants.

—Alexander Watson, one of Bradford's best known and most highly esteemed citizens, died at his home on Hilton street in that city, Tuesday morning. Deceased was about 68 years of age and is survived by his widow, two sons and one daughter.

—A. W. Colegrove of East Main street has been appointed court crier to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late B. L. Knapp. Mr. Colegrove assumed the duties this week. He is a good man for the place and his appointment gives general satisfaction.

—The supper to be given by St. Elizabeth's church in the basement of that edifice Saturday night will consist namely of clam chowder and fried oysters, prepared under the direction of Frank Weinman and P. S. Curren, assisted by the bottle blowers. All are cordially invited.

—Samuel Christenson, a farmer, who lived on the Smethport road two miles from Kane, committed suicide last Saturday afternoon by shooting himself in the head. There were many ugly rumors afloat in that neighborhood, but Coroner Sherman of Bradford is of the opinion that it was a case of suicide. Christenson leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

—Tuesday morning Arthur Brown, employed at the Vacuum Oil Works in Olean, slipped and fell on the Erie railroad track and fractured his right leg. No one was near to help him and he was obliged to crawl for some distance through a swamp to reach the nearest house. On arriving at the house the man was nearly in a state of collapse. He was taken to the Olean hospital.

—W. P. Mulhern of St. Marys was selected by the Republicans of Elk county at the recent primaries as their candidate for Member of Assembly. Mr. Mulhern was for many years Pennsylvania station agent at Clermont, and later Shawmut station agent in Smethport, and made friends by the hundred in this section of the country and all hope that the voters of Elk county will decide to send "Billy" Mulhern to the next Legislature.

—Lawrence Hopper, the well known engineer, who has had a passenger run on the Shawmut road through Smethport ever since the road was built, has transferred his services to the other end of the road, and will hereafter run a passenger train between Wayland and Hornell. Mr. Hopper and family are now residents of Mt. Jewett, but expect to make their home in Wayland about the middle of June. For a number of years the family were residents of Smethport and have many friends here who will wish them success wherever they may locate.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin left to-day for Buffalo.

Mrs. J. C. Backus visited Eldred Tuesday.

Dr. F. C. Pierce is a Buffalo visitor this week.

Mrs. Wm. Lake visited Olean friends this week.

Dr. J. C. Brown was a visitor in Bradford Monday.

E. E. Heath was a business visitor in Eldred Friday.

M. N. Allen of Port Allegany was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Thos. W. Camp is visiting in Bradford to-day.

E. W. Workley was a business visitor in Olean yesterday.

Mrs. F. P. Isherwood spent Sunday with Bradford friends.

J. M. Hilton returned Monday night from a visit in Bradford.

Fenton Whelon was transacting business in Bradford this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Neipling left Tuesday for Port Allegany.

Chas. Liebel returned Monday from a visit with friends in Buffalo.

Geo. Anderson of Kasson was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. Phelps of Bradford is a guest of Mrs. F. P. Isherwood this week.

J. E. Mullin, Esq., of Kane is transacting business at court this week.

Mrs. Fred McFall of Eldred is visiting her husband at the Hotel Imperial.

Miss Helen Dunn of Mt. Alton was in attendance at the fair last evening.

Mrs. Threasa Orlatt of Colegrove passed Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Blanche McDade of Newert was in town this week; calling on friends.

Miss Dowly Davis of Bradford is a guest of relatives and friends in town.

T. M. Mattison of Colegrove was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

The Misses Stickler of Roulette were guests of friends in town over Sunday.

David McCarty of Mt. Jewett was greeting friends in town Tuesday night.

Mayor Hoffman of Bradford was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Miss Hazel Hopper of Mt. Jewett was calling on Smethport friends Thursday last.

Miss Clara Snyder of Bradford was a guest of friends in town during the week.

Miss Pearl Chisholm of Bradford was the guest of Miss Alice Conley during the week.

Miss Pearl Green of Olean was visiting relatives and friends in town during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick left Tuesday afternoon for Buffalo and Niagria Falls.

Miss Donna Lyman visited Miss Rena Allen at Port Allegany from Saturday until Tuesday.

Mrs. Roy Gifford and children of Congress Park, Ill., are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son of Erie were guests of relatives in town during the week.

Mrs. Edna Warren left Tuesday for Buffalo where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Wm. Clothier.

C. W. Shattuck, Esq., of Eldred was among the attorneys transacting business at court this week.

Mrs. H. F. Grabe and daughter, Pauline, departed this morning for their future home in Coudersport.

Miss Katherine Stickler and Miss Katherine Eimer of Roulette visited friends in town this week.

Mrs. Frank Andrews and Miss Ruth Shepard of Port Allegany were calling on friends in town Saturday.

Miss Hazel Drake, who visited Miss Katherine Hubbard returned to her home in Bradford this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes and daughter, Miss Edna, of Marvin creek were Bradford visitors Saturday last.

William Hubbard of Kane is doing duty as a juryman this week and is a guest of Hon. James A. McKean.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Powell of Ridgway visited Mrs. Powell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright, in town Thursday.

Mrs. Wm. L. Hammer and child of Lynch Station, W. Va., are guests of Mrs. Hammer's mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany were guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, over Sunday.

Felix Southwick and Donovan Bell are home from the Chamberlain Institute at Randolph, N. Y., for their Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Hackett of Mt. Jewett were guests of Mr. Hackett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hackett during the week.

Miss Hazel Green, who is a student at the Buffalo Business college, is passing her Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Green.

Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins and children, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright, returned to their home in St. Marys Saturday.

Miss Emogene McGowan has returned from Lynch Station, W. Va., and is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McGowan of East Main street.

James White of Clarion, a popular bottle blower who formerly resided in Smethport, is working at the Berney-Bond factory again, and his many friends hope that matters will so arrange themselves that Mr. White and family [illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ostrander of San Francisco are visiting his relatives and friends in Smethport and vicinity. Some twenty years ago Frank and the editor were school chums in the Smethport schools. About seventeen years ago he went west and engaged in the lumber business with a large concern, following that occupation ever since. This is his second trip to his old home in that time and he has with him a charming bride. All his old friends will unite with the MINER in wishing them a long life of happiness.

Desertion Notice.

My wife, Pearl Olive Taylor, having left my bed and board about March 20, 1908, without just cause or provocation, I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible to people harboring her on my account nor for any bills contracted by her in my name.

IRA L. TAYLOR.

Smethport, R. F. D., No. 2, April 14, 1908.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized, (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and G. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Pasture.

I have pasture at the dug-road. Very reasonable for all kinds of stock. O. H. Gleason.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

AFTER-LENT ROLLER RINK.

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Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, Afternoon and Evening

Music Wednesday night, or Thursday if Orchestra is otherwise engaged.

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FAMILY FAVORITE OIL

gives the highest possible efficiency in light without any of the troubles of ordinary tank wagon oil.

By the most careful process known all the heavy paraffine and light-destroying substances are removed and all the volatile oils evaporated, leaving just the pure illuminant—Family Favorite.

No better is made
Ask your dealer

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OILS FOR ALL PURPOSES
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Wm. MONHEIMER'S

We invite every

Mother & Father

in town to see another addition to our splendid showing of

Children's Clothing

consisting of

BLOUSE SUITS

in both Wollen & Wash Goods, in all the latest shades—brown, grey, blue and garnets—from $2.50 to $6.50 a suit.

Corduroy & Woolen Boys Knickerbocker Pants at 50c and $1.00.

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A CHINA SALE

Friday Morning 10 o'clock

Choice 10c

On Friday morning at 10 o'clock we will place on sale an exceptional purchase of China comprising 770 pieces—Cups and Saucers, Plates, Oatmeal Dishes, Sauce Dishes, Cream and Sugars, Tooth Pick Holders, Hat Pin Holders, Tea Pot Stands, etc. (Cup and Saucer counts as one piece).

This is an opportunity you cannot afford to miss. Its a chance that will not occur again in many a day. To be sure you can always get all the China you want but this is the dantiest, most desirable China imaginable and the price is less than half the usual cost.

They will be in the window until Thursday p. m. None will be reserved. None will be sold before the time specified. Everyone will have an equal chance.

Cash Only. No Charging. Choice 10c.

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Just Received a Barrel of Erie Onion Sets

Oakleaf Soap	7 bars 25c
White House Coffee	33c
Surprise Coffee	23c
Princess Coffee	23c
Our Special Coffee	18c
Lard	12c
Lard Compound	10c

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THE CASH GROCER.

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Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
" " F, " " " " " " " "
One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00
One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order........ price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

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WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Mai St — W. H. [illegible] — SMETHPORT

The Real Man

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Polly was to take part in an amateur play.

"It's such fun," she announced on the evening of the first rehearsal, "to act with real men! At school, you know—well, at school we didn't have any real men."

The "real men" laughed. There were three of them. Two were old friends and admirers of Polly. The third, Bradley Rogers, she approved the moment he was introduced to her.

"Well," asked Polly gayly, looking over the printed cast in her hand, "which of you is my lover?"

Solemnly, with hands on their hearts, all three bowed.

"You are all very silly," said Polly, blushing. "Now, please be serious. Which of you is to be Captain Wheeler, Claire's lover, absent on the field?" she continued, reading from the play.

"I am cast for that unfortunate part," Bert Crawford answered.

"Unfortunate?" queried Polly, and she raised her pretty eyebrows haughtily.

"Unfortunate," Bert hastened to explain, "because 'absent on the field' for two whole acts, you notice, gives these other fellows too much chance to cut me out."

"Oh," smiled Polly graciously, "then Mr. Marshall and Mr. Rogers are rivals for my hand, too—Claire's hand, I mean."

"No; haven't the pleasure," sighed Jim Marshall. "I'm only your brother."

"Never mind, Jim," said Polly comfortingly. "I'll be a real sweet sister to you. And what are you, Mr. Rogers?"

"Your father," answered Rogers laconically.

Polly found the admission exceedingly amusing.

"But what possible chance do my father and brother have of cutting you out?" she asked Bert suddenly.

"Oh," explained Bert carelessly, "I meant they'll cut me out with the audience. No chance to win any bouquets and that sort of thing."

"But you'll win me. I mean—what's her name—Claire."

"Oh, I'll come out strong in the finale," Bert returned confidently, at which Jim shot him a look that escaped Polly's notice. It did not escape Rogers' observation, however, and he smiled at the thought of the fun to come behind the scenes.

"Who's to be my girl chum, Natalie?" asked Polly, again consulting the printed cast.

"Mrs. Rogers," Bert answered. "And she'll be dandy in that part too. Where is she tonight, Brad?"

"Couldn't come. The baby had the croup or something or other."

Polly wheeled around suddenly on the platform stand and faced Rogers.

"Do you mean to say," she asked anxiously, "that you don't know what's the matter with the baby?"

Rogers, taken by surprise, looked very much embarrassed.

He began to stammer an explanation, but got no further than "Well, you see, Miss Noyes," when the "prompter" arrived and the reading over of parts and the studying out of stage business began in earnest.

As the rehearsals of the play progressed Polly found them absorbing beyond all her expectations. As it happened, Mrs. Rogers, owing to the baby's illness, had not been able to take the part of Natalie after all, and Elsie Williams, Polly's intimate girl friend, was prevailed upon to try it.

This change in the cast, simple as it seemed, was the cause of other changes far less simple.

For one thing, Bert Crawford, whom Polly had grown through force of habit to regard as one of her most effective satellites, suddenly wavered from his accustomed course and began to revolve at a very dangerous speed around Polly's friend Elsie.

Now, Polly ought not to have resented this, for she knew very well in her heart that she never intended Bert to develop, so far as she was concerned, into anything beyond an obsequious and ornamental attendant. However, since he was her lover in the play, it piqued her not a little to have him constantly missing his cue while making love to Elsie behind the scenes instead.

On one of these embarrassing occasions Jim Marshal came to the rescue with what seemed to him nothing sort of an inspiration.

"See here, Polly," he exclaimed jovially as Polly, alone in the center of the stage, impatiently waited the dramatic entry of Captain Wheeler after his "absence in the field." "I've got a simply corking idea. Bert and I will change parts. You see, off the stage he's Elsie's lover, and on the stage he's your's. Now, why not fix it as it really is and let me be your lover on the stage as well as off? Don't you think that would work out well? I'd be on hand for this scene, you can bet your life!"

But Polly received his suggestion with anything but enthusiasm.

"Don't be foolish, Jim, and please hunt Captain Wheeler," was all she answered.

Accordingly Bert, alias the missing captain, soon rushed in, and Polly ran to meet him, "falling into his arms with a cry of joy," as the stage directions called for.

"Oh, that will never do at all," complained the prompter. "You don't act as though you were really glad to see him, Miss Noyes. And you don't stay long enough in his arms. You just jump away as if you'd been shot."

Polly made up a comical little face and tried the scene over again.

"No," sighed the prompter. "That wasn't any better. Now, after you've rushed into Captain Wheeler's arms, Miss Noyes, just stay until you're comfortable."

There was a general laugh at this, and then Jim Marshall came forward, as usual, with an original suggestion.

"I don't believe it's all Polly's fault," he said. "Just let me try the scene with her, and then Bert can see how it ought to be done."

But Polly scorned the offer.

"I'll try it with Mr. Rogers," she said archly. "You see, he's perfectly safe."

The shout that went up at Bradley's expense did not daunt him.

"Everything comes to him who is modest," he paraphrased good naturedly.

So Polly tried the affectionate welcome home scene with Bradley—and a strange thing happened. In each of the many times she had rushed into Bert Crawford's arms she had felt embarrassed and conscious. Her one impulse was to tear herself away again. But when Bradley's arms closed about her she felt a strange thrill of happiness, and as she looked up into his face their glances met in the discovery of an unguessed secret.

"There," exclaimed the delighted prompter, "that's something like! Now try it again with Mr. Crawford, Miss Noyes."

But Polly wouldn't.

"I'm tired of the old scene," she said laughingly, determined that no one should guess how madly her heart was beating. "I'll do it all right the night of the performance truly. Now, come on, Mr. Rogers; you're my father again now, you know, and I've got to tease you into letting me marry Captain Wheeler. I'm going to be most irresistibly persuasive tonight—to make up for my failure in the last act," she added gayly.

And she was irresistible. Tylee Rogers forgot his cue, so fascinated was he in watching her.

At length came a resting space, and Polly and Rogers found themselves alone in the music room.

"What did you mean, Miss Noyes," inquired Bradley half jokingly, half seriously, "by saying I was perfectly safe?"

Polly blushed scarlet, though her tone was admirably nonchalant.

"Why, that you're married, of course."

For a moment Bradley looked absolutely dumfounded; then he burst out laughing.

"Well?" queried Polly, doubting her senses.

"All the world has evidently become a stage with you, Miss Noyes," he answered, smiling at her amusedly. "Of course as your father in the play I am married, but as your—as Bradley Rogers I'm a single man, on honor."

"Then who are Mrs. Rogers and the baby?" demanded Polly, not yet convinced.

"My sister-in-law and child," Bradley announced. "Surely you didn't think"—

"But I did," broke in Polly. "I thought so all along from the night of the very first rehearsal. If I'd known"— She broke off suddenly in confusion.

"If you'd known?" repeated Bradley, looking straight into her eyes.

They heard the prompter calling them.

"Goodness," exclaimed Polly; "we're missing our cue. Come on, daddy," she added mischievously.

Polly entered with a flourish, turned toward Bradley, who followed with his hastily assumed old man manner, and held out her arms to him appealingly.

"You will let me marry the man I love, won't you, daddy? Do say yes," she pleaded.

Bradley gave his reluctant paternal consent, and Polly threw her arms about his neck affectionately.

"You dear!" she half sighed, half whispered.

The prompter and the rest of the cast applauded, unaware of the real love scene going on behind the curtain.

The First Coins.

While the first actual coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, in 895 B. C., it must not be supposed that there had not existed a keen appreciation of the value and uses of money for centuries previous to the introduction of coinage. The ancient Egyptians had a gold and silver standard of currency, and their money was in the form of gold and silver ornaments, rings and nuggets, the purchasing value of which depended on their weight. The Greeks improved somewhat on this system by first marking the weight on gold and silver nuggets so that it would no longer be necessary to reweigh them every time they were to be used for purposes of exchange or trade. Then came the introduction of gold, silver and copper nuggets of graded uniform sizes and value. The next step was the molding and stamping of disks made from the precious metals. Some of these first coins were enormous, the idea apparently being to discourage the greedy from attempting to accumulate and carry around too many of them. There were copper coins as large as dinner plates. While the idea was based on excellent motives, it had to give way before the demand for smaller and more convenient forms of currency, and the giant pennies soon dwindled in size to meet the popular demand.

Open Minded.

"You wouldn't believe this possible, but still"—

"I'll believe anything possible," interrupted the sour citizen. "I've bought a little law in my time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use, put up in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. One application proves its merit. Soothes and heals, reduces inflammation and relieves soreness and itching. For all forms of piles. Price 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

President Roosevelt's name is not in the German "Who's Who."

Following recovery from typhoid fever, the black hair of Calvin Myers of Dover, O., turned red.

At the recent meeting of the town school district of Concord, N. H., Isaac N. Abbott was elected clerk of the district for the fifty-first time.

State Senator Russell is trying to organize "acre clubs" in every community in Oklahoma. Each member is to plant an acre of some product, and the scheme is a practical school for farmers.

Ernest W. Emery, day manager of the Associated Press at Washington, has been unanimously elected exalted ruler of Washington lodge, No. 15, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Probably no man in Maine holds so many town offices as T. B. W. Stetson of Hartford captured at this year's town meeting. The list includes town clerk, treasurer, collector, member of school committee, constable and truant officer.

The Rocha family of the state of Durango, Mexico, are among the largest family owners of land in the world. They count their wealth by millions of dollars and are in supreme control of a mountainous territory embracing about 10,000,000 acres.

General Robilant, who was one of the Italian representatives at the second peace conference at The Hague, has been named to succeed General Giovanni Battista di Giorgis, who died in Rome suddenly on March 13, as head of the international gendarmerie in Macedonia.

Minister L. A. Coromilas is the first resident envoy ever sent by Greece to America. He is a bachelor and one of the most striking looking foreigners that have ever come to this country. The new envoy gained his first knowledge of our tongue from reading the works of Mark Twain with the aid of a dictionary.

Home Notes.

If you scorch a garment when ironing it, rub a lump of dry starch on the mark, then sponge it off. Repeat till the yellow disappears.

To prevent a torn placket place a hook and eye near the bottom of your skirt opening. Never unhook this, and your skirt will never be torn.

The pulverized washing powders last much longer if used from a talcum powder shaker. A baking powder can with holes punched through the lid may be utilized for the purpose.

Spots of wagon grease may be removed from cotton goods by moistening slightly a piece of common brown laundry soap and rubbing it on the spot thickly. Let remain three or four hours and then wash in cold water.

Portieres that are faded can be redyed at small expense. There are several who guarantee the result, provided a sample of the new color desired is furnished. Faded carpets have also been satisfactorily dyed.

German Gleanings.

The German fishers brought in during the last season 410,000 tons of herring, valued at $2,000,000.

Having thrown a pot of beer at a fellow officer and broken his nose, a German lieutenant in Danzig was so ashamed that he shot himself.

The supreme court of Germany has in several cases fixed the responsibility of bankers when advising investments to their clients, especially when such advice was volunteered as against another investment desired.

Railway stations of Berlin are shortly to be provided with automatic machines which on the insertion of 52 cents will deliver an umbrella. A ticket will also drop out, and whoever presents it within two days at an office of the automatic society will receive 33 cents in return for the umbrella.

Flippant Flings.

The really disgusting feature about this mad rush for wealth is that we were left at the post.—Puck.

Beware of Boston in June. Twenty thousand clubwomen are to meet there then—and this is leap year.—Florida Times-Union.

That New York policeman who has just completed his fiftieth year on the force ought to be a very rich man.—Newark News.

Much joy is brought to the common people by the tidings that the diamond trust is about to be "busted." Now for the champagne trust!—Atlanta Constitution.

Facts From France.

A pawnbroker in France is spoken of as "my aunt."

The oldest parish priest in France is M. Gadenne of Roches, who, although 102 years old, is in full possession of all his faculties.

Auguste Ferrol, a clown in a show in Paris, broke off his engagement with Jeanne Leclerc, a dancer, because she called him a clown in a fit of anger.

Paris has a new kink. It is putting girl models in tailors' show windows, where they sit and chat and walk, displaying the latest cut gowns to the utmost advantage.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

SHORT STORIES.

Blond people are rarely afflicted with cancer.

Canada's population has increased about 23 per cent in ten years.

In the Pittsfield (Mass.) jail 10 cents a day is allowed for food for each prisoner.

Seventy members of the Berryville family, one of the largest in the Creek Nation, draw more money for oil royalties than any other family in Oklahoma. Together they receive $20,000 a month.

A woman's club at Salina, Ill., has been presented with a gavel made from a board taken from the floor of Lincoln's old home at Springfield.

Workmen sawing down a large elm tree in Portsmouth, N. H., the other day found two bullets in the heart of the tree of the old molded pattern. It is estimated that they have been in the tree for more than 150 years.

In the United States senate every third man is a millionaire. In the house of representatives one man in every twenty-seven is reckoned worth a million or more dollars. To be explicit, the senate has thirty-two millionaires and the house fourteen.

Modes of the Moment.

The most fetching of the little skirts have a slight upward tilt at the back. This is every becoming to the figure, making it look chic and youthful.

Skirts of lawn are shown with colored embroidery, the white or ecru flounce having buttonholded scallop edges and embroidery design above in blue, rose, red or other color.

The stock is a thing that is attracting much attention and costing a great deal of money. It is made of lace, and it is wired high under the ears. The higher the stock the higher the price.

A great deal of attention is paid to the trimmings of the gown, and there are spring costumes that look as though they had been made simply as mediums for the display of the handsome embroideries and pretty silver trimmings.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Church Work.

For fifty years Bishop George Moule and his wife have been working together in China.

The bishop of Chichester, England, who has just been consecrated, is the ninety-fifth incumbent of the see.

The foreign mission board of the Reformed Dutch church plans to spend $121,000 this year and increase the amount annually by $30,000, so that in ten years the sum will reach $425,000.

The church split in Scotland involved the division of over $10,000,000 worth of income bearing funds, of which the 130 congregations of the present Free church will receive outright a little more than $1,800,000, the rest going to the 1,100 congregations that adhere to the union.

Plays and Players.

Harry Kelly will star next year in "Deacon Flood," a musical play.

"The Three of Us" is to be produced in London.

Henry Blossom, it is reported, is to write a play for Eleanor Robson.

"The Honor of the Family," which Otis Skinner has made so successful in this country, is to be produced in London.

Charles Frohman has purchased from Yvette Guilbert the English speaking rights to all her songs for the use of Hattie Williams.

Francis Wilson's tour in "When Knights Were Bold" has been so successful that the route has been extended until the end of June.

The Sporting World.

Frank Bogash, 2:03¾, will represent Canada in the pacing free for alls this season.

It is reported that Ruth Dillon (3), 2:15¼, the crack half mile filly, will be raced again this season.

Next year's national bowling tourney at Madison Square Garden, New York, may be rolled on twenty-four alleys.

Charles Sears of Ogdensburg, N. Y., will be out this season with the pacer Texas Rooker, 2:05½, and will race over the half mile rings.

Pugilist Sailor Burke has announced his retirement from the ring. It is reported that the Sailor has bought himself a small farm on Long Island and will go into the poultry business.

English Etchings.

There are nearly 2,700 crossing sweepers in London.

The value of the property guarded by the London police is estimated at $4,500,000,000.

The Bank of England will not take small sums. It requires private depositors to maintain a balance of £600.

The London county council has ordered the closing of seventy-nine voluntary schools belonging to the Church of England because the buildings are not fit for use.

Pith and Point.

Remember that an act of charity works both ways.

An ounce of help is worth several pounds of talk about it.

When a wise man gets the worst of it he makes the best of it.

There would be fewer dancers if the piper had to be paid in advance.

There are many routes to riches, but most of us travel in the wrong direction.—Chicago News.

A REALISTIC PICTURE.

It Proved Too Absorbing For Old Uncle Juniper.

The Mississippi courtroom was packed with negroes, and it was fairly evident, says a contributor to the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine, that something of unusual interest was about to transpire. Within the bar on the prisoner's seat an old negro leaned eagerly forward as his attorney argued his plea of not guilty before the jury.

"Who, gentlemen of the jury, has sworn that he saw this man commit this theft?" demanded the attorney. "We have broken every link in the weak chain of circumstantial evidence with which the state has tried to entangle him. Why, his neighbor, Tom Jones, swore that he sold him the meat that was found in the defendant's house and that he shot the hog because it was wild.

"It is true that Colonel Smith swore that one of his hogs disappeared about Dec. 23 and that about fifty yards from a certain stump he found blood and then followed a trail of blood from that spot to this defendant's cabin. But what of that?

"This defendant told you—and his wife and brother swore the same—that that was the blood of a coon which he had shot and carried home the day before Smith lost his hog. Give him justice as you would do if he were a white man. He cannot help being black. The leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin. For twenty years he has been a leader in the church. Let him remain free to enjoy the bread of life with others of the faithful."

As the lawyer sat down the women who had been "weaving" back and forth for some minutes commenced to shout:

"Bress de Lawd!"

"Tell, now!"

"We knows yo's innocent, Brer Juniper!"

The sheriff had to threaten to clear the courtroom before order was restored. When at last there was silence the district attorney rose.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began in closing the case for the state, "I desire only to bring a picture to your minds."

Here the prisoner adjusted his big brass rimmed spectacles as if to see the picture, and his manner showed that he was determined to let no detail escape him.

"The 23d of last December," continued the district attorney, "found Juniper [illegible] without meat. His son was coming to spend Christmas with him; but Juniper did not worry, for only half a mile away in Marse Smith's woods were some fat hogs.

"An hour before sunset Juniper was kneeling behind a large stump in those woods, with his rifle pointing toward a hog that at some distance away was rooting among the leaves."

The district attorney paused. Taking a cane to represent a rifle, he knelt behind a chair. After some minutes of moving to right and left, now raising, now lowering his rifle, he took careful aim and then fired, imitating the noise of a report very successfully.

At the sound Juniper, who had been smiling, apparently oblivious to everything save the district attorney's movements, exclaimed:

"Yas, sah, dat's des de way I done hit, boss!"

The laugh that followed brought Juniper to a realization of what he had done, and he shuffled round in the prisoner's seat, muttering, "Nigger got no show nohow!"

The Last Move.

Bobby is the son of a Methodist minister and has had the experience of "moving" four times in the space of his eight years' life. He disapproves strongly of the itinerant system, which is the bane of the Methodist clergy. Some time ago an elderly minister was visiting Bobby's father and directed his attention to the small boy, asking him many questions of a semitheological nature. Finally the course of the conversation turned to heaven, and Bobby was asked concerning the abode of the blest. "Yes," said the youngster, with a sigh of deep weariness, "I know. It's the last place we're going to move to."—Argonaut.

Out of the Ordinary.

"Say," queried the high browed man as he entered the drug emporium, "have you Bighead's balm for baldness?"

"No," replied the druggist, "but"—

"Oh, yes," interrupted the prospective customer, "of course you have something just as good, but I want what I want. See!"

"You are mistaken, my friend," said the pill dispenser. "I haven't anything just as good, but I have something that is far better."—Chicago News.

Soothing the Author.

Actor—In the first act last night, when Roderigo is to shoot me, his gun didn't go off. This sort of thing spoils my play. Manager—It doesn't make any difference whether he shoots you or not. The audience appreciate the situation. They know you are not worth the powder it would take to shoot you and find it very appropriate that the gun misses fire.—Liverpool Mercury.

Unkind Deduction.

Mrs. Benham—I'm going to give a big party on my birthday. Benham—Who will be invited? Mrs. Benham—Just my friends. Benham—I thought you said that you were going to give a big party.—New York Press.

Philosophy when superficially studied excites doubt; when thoroughly explored, it dispels it.—Bacon.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

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All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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IMPROVING ON INSTRUCTIONS

By Taylor White.

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Ben Runyon regarded with amusement, if not approbation, the diminutive applicant for the vacant post of office boy. The lad's fluent talk, heavily flavored with the slang of the moment, was diverting even while it exposed his unfitness for the place.

"I'm afraid it's no deal, Lippy," he said, his tone tinged with kindly regret. "You don't quite fill the bill."

He turned back to his desk, but a grimy hand grasped his coat sleeve.

"Forget it, boss," pleaded Lippy (he had confessed that to be the only name he knew). "I'm in wrong. Get that? I don't live wid me fader and mudder, but it's 'cause I ain't got none, see? What ef I do live in a lodgin' house and ain't got me pants pressed? I'll be Johnny on de spot and wort' a dozen dude kids. Len' me free from men and I'll be back here wid de glad rags in a half hour. Is it a go? Give a feller a chanct, will yer?"

Lippy tried hard to keep a stiff upper lip, but the nervous twitching betrayed his anxiety, and there was a pleading look in the sharp greenish eyes. Runyon drew a five dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the boy.

"It's a go," he agreed. "Now, for heaven's sake, get a decent looking suit! Don't come back here looking like a prize fighter's sparring partner, and hurry up."

With a muttered "T'anks" that was meant to be brusque, but which spoke whole volumes of the boy's delight, Lippy sped from the office. He was back within the prescribed half hour. A clean shirt and a paper collar had replaced the tattered garment which once had been his body covering. A suit well worn, but clean, and a pair of shoes described by Lippy as "new secondhand" completed the outfit. Lippy was installed.

For a few weeks things went well in the Runyon office. Lippy learned the rudiments of a more conventional speech, and his alertness brought many a smile of approval from Runyon. Lippy was keeping his promise to be "Johnny on the spot."

Then came a blue Monday, when all went wrong. Runyon came to the office with the temper of a bear. He passed Lippy with a curt nod and shut himself in the private office, whence presently came a demand for the typewriter. Lippy reported that she had not yet arrived, and pointed out that she still had fifteen minutes grace. But the fifteen minutes stretched to half an hour, and still the girl had not come, while Runyon's temper grew more savage.

"DON'T MENSHUN IT," MUTTERED LIPPY, BACKING AWAY.

Then came a telephone message. Miss Blake had been married the day before and had gone on her honeymoon. Her mother hoped that it would not inconvenience her employer, but her fiance had been ordered west and the girl had accompanied him.

"What am I going to do without Miss Blake?" stormed Runyon. "There are important papers to be got out. I can't trust them to a public typewriter."

"Get another girl," advised Lippy sagely. "The man what makes the machines keeps girls in cold storage. Phone him and he'll push one down here special delivery."

"No go," dissented Runyon. "I must have one in whose discretion I can trust. The only recommendation those girls require is that they use the machine."

"Ain't you th' hep gamoosh to some dame wit' th' hurry fingers?" suggested Lippy. "Your fren or your fren's fren?"

Runyon started.

"It may do some good," he told himself. "It will show that I am not disposed to hold anger. Take this card and ask the lady if she can come down at once," he added to Lippy, handing the boy a card which he drew from his vest pocket.

Lippy was out of the office like a whirlwind, and presently he was standing in front of a handsome house in the residential district debating with himself if this could be the address. His debate was short. To Lippy orders were orders. He climbed the steps and soon was standing in the hallway, while the butler went off to find the girl.

"You have a letter from Mr. Runyon?" she asked as Lippy was ushered into a room all sweet smells and soft toned colors. Lippy shook his head in a negative.

"He didn't have no time to write," he explained. "He couldn't wait f'r that. He told me to hot foot it up here and tell you he couldn't wait a'leven seconds wit'out you. You're to come down wit' me."

"What's the matter?" she asked in astonishment. "Mr. Runyon is in some trouble?"

"Up to his neck," declared Lippy. "Say, if you don't get down in a hurry he'll go dead nutty. He was mos' bughouse when I went away from there wit' somethin' t' tell you."

"Wait in the hall. I'll be right down," she promised, while her trembling hands toyed nervously with a ribbon. "I—I did not know it was so serious—that he would take it this way."

"Serious!" echoed Lippy. "I'll bet we find two cops and the ambulance doc in th' place if we don't get there pretty quick."

The girl rang the bell for her maid, and Lippy went down to the front hall to spend a pleasant ten minutes in impertinent conversation addressed to the butler with the delightful knowledge that the staid functionary did not dare hit back.

Then the girl came down the stairs looking even more attractive in her heavy furs, and Lippy wonderingly followed her into the automobile that stood at the curb. This sort of typewriter was new to him.

The ride was all too short, and the girl pressed after him as Lippy raced down the hall and proudly threw open the door with a shrill "I got her, boss."

Runyon came out of his private office and halted as he looked at the girl.

"You have come, Aline? You forgive?" he asked hoarsely.

"The boy said you were nearly distracted," she explained. "I should not have come if he had not led me to believe that you were on the point of committing some rash action."

"I sent him for that typewriter you recommended," explained Runyon. "My girl got married yesterday and left town. I had the address of this girl of whom you had spoken. Lippy, let me see that card."

Lippy produced the now battered pasteboard. It was one of Aline Breval's own cards, with a penciled address on the back, but the pencil marks were almost obliterated through friction with other papers.

"I did not notice that the pencil address was blurred out," explained Runyon. "I suppose that Lippy did not even notice the marks. He is responsible for the trouble to which you have been put. But, dear, can't you see the hand of fate in the development? Won't you believe in the sincerity of my penitence and forgive my ill humor?"

Lippy, catching the drift of the remark, searched the girl's face. His quick perception saw in her clear eyes the dawn of forgiveness long before his employer read his answer, and he plucked at Runyon's coat.

"Say, boss," he shrilled, "I'll go out and get me lunch." And as he departed he innocently slipped the spring latch that these two, who were oblivious to all else than themselves, should not be disturbed by the intrusion of book agents or peddlers.

It was an hour before he showed up again, and Runyon was working feverishly at his desk while Miss Breval sat by the window enjoying the panorama of the city spread before her gaze.

Runyon handed him a letter.

"Take that to this address," he said smilingly. "It is the address of the new typewriter. When she comes, give her these specifications to copy. I shall not be here when you get back. I shall not be back until tomorrow."

"I'm sorry I didn't get her th' first time," said Lippy hypocritically.

"It's all right," assured Runyon as he added a five dollar bill to the envelope he still held out. "You improved upon instructions, and we, Miss Breval and myself, are very much obliged."

"Don't menshun it," muttered Lippy, backing away, for Miss Breval was smiling upon him, and the radiance of that smile abashed the boy's assurance for the first time in his eventful young life.

Charles Reade's Lunatics.

The author of "Leaves From a Life," a woman, referring to Charles Reade's notion that half the people shut up in lunatic asylums had no business to be there, says: "One day he told papa he had picked out twelve quite sane men from among the supposed lunatics, and one of the doctors had promised to ask them all to dinner and give them another chance. Would papa come too? As papa knew the doctor and knew also that ample precautions would be taken, he agreed, and the dinner duly came off. All went well, the twelve lunatics behaved admirably, and Charles Reade became more and more sure that he had rescued twelve unfortunates from worse than prison until the dessert was placed on the table. Then the doctor, turning to the man on his left, said: 'Have you been introduced to your next door neighbor? He is the Virgin Mary.' The lunatic leaped to his feet. 'You lie!' he screamed. 'I am the Virgin Mary.' And in a moment all the twelve lunatics began to show themselves in their real colors."

Too Dangerous.

Mr. Church—Whew, how it's raining! Lend me your umbrella, dear. I've got to run over to the vestry meeting.

Mrs. Church—But why not use that umbrella you've been carrying all week?

Mr. Church—What, to the vestry meeting? Why, that's where I got it. —Philadelphia Press.

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THE COCOA TREE.

This Evergreen Is Found Everywhere In the Tropics.

The cocoa tree is an evergreen and grows to a height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet. Its leaves being bright and smooth, somewhat resembling the foliage of a rubber plant. It is very low branching, and the blossoms are small and pink. The blossoms and pods not only spring from the branches, but often from the trunk itself. The fruit is a yellowish pod about the size of a cucumber and is filled with seeds, all strung together in a pulpy, pinkish mass. It is from these seeds or beans, each about the size of a chestnut, that the chocolate and cocoa of commerce are manufactured. The trees bear from the fourth to the thirtieth year, and it is not unusual to see on the same tree buds, flowers and fruit.

When ripe the pods are gathered by the native women and are allowed to lie on the ground for a day or two, after which they are opened. The pulp containing the beans then ferments for about a week, the astringent qualities of the beans being much modified and their flavor improved.

After being thoroughly dried the beans are packed in [illegible] pound bags for shipment. When received by the manufacturer they are carefully picked over for quality, assorted and roasted. The nibs, as the roasted beans with the shells removed are called, are then fed into a hopper [illegible] between stones similar [illegible] old fashioned flour mill. The grinding process, coupled with the friction of the stones, which produce a temperature of some 120 degrees, changes the solid nibs without the addition [illegible] into a thick, heavy liquid. This is technically termed "chocolate liquor" and is sold to confectioners.

This same liquor, subjected to hydraulic pressure, with the resulting separation into a clear oil, gives the cocoa butter of commerce. The remaining pressate when powdered forms drinking cocoa. The chocolate liquor solidified becomes cooking chocolate, and, with sugar, vanilla and spices added, it is sold as "sweet" or "eating" chocolate.

BEATING THE LAW.

Sunday Travelers, and Inns and Taverns In Scotland.

There is a law in Scotland generous to travelers. That law grants them the privilege of all taverns and inns during prohibition hours. Thus if you arrive in Edinburgh on a Sunday, having traveled, say, from Glasgow, your innkeeper is bound to serve you with any sort of alcoholic refreshment; albeit the native of Auld Reekie must fret and starve his [illegible] away on ginger ale, memories and the amorous promise of tomorrow. But the law is merciful. He that hath journeyed three miles is a traveler within the meaning of the act.

Consequently there is a vast array of travelers leaving Edinburgh on foot, on coaches, pony carriages, etc., for the trains run not.

They all seek to constitute themselves as travelers. Just within the three mile limit, as far as Edinburgh is concerned, lies the historic village of Corstorphine.

A traveler arrives from Edinburgh. He knocks at the door of the village inn. He is wearied by his long walk. He is in sore straits.

The door is opened timidly, cautiously, and a voice is heard, "Who is it?"

"A traveler," is the weary answer.

"Whaur do ye come from?"

"I come from Edinburgh," is the answer.

"Then ye canna come in. It's against the law."

The door is banged ruthlessly.

The traveler thinks awhile. Your Scotsman thinks slowly, but very surely.

After deliberation he knocks again.

The formula is gone through.

"Whaur do ye come?"—

"Frae Leith," answers the traveler quickly.

"Then ye may come in. Why did ye nae tell the truth at first?"

Dixie's Land.

The phrase "Dixie" or "Dixie's Land" is supposed to be derived from one Dixy, a kind hearted slave owner on Manhattan island in the latter part of the eighteenth century. His treatment of his negroes caused them to regard his plantation ("Dixy's") as little short of an earthly paradise, and when any of the slaves were taken away from their old home they were always pining for "Dixy's" and singing and talking of its joys. When slavery moved southward, the same ideal of "Dixy's" was taken along, and in the course of time, its origin being forgotten, it was applied to the southern homes of the negroes.—New York American.

Lighting Up.

"Ever notice," asked a salesman for a grocery house that makes a business of supplying the big New York hotels, "that if you stroll uptown and look at any of the big hotels you will see them all pretty well lighted up? Plenty of rooms occupied apparently. Well, that's sometimes a bluff. The help has orders to light up a number of the front rooms every evening just so that the hotel won't look like a graveyard." —New York Sun.

Hottentot Women.

Among the Hottentots women hold a better position than they do anywhere else in Africa. "The married woman," says one traveler, "reigns supreme mistress. Her husband cannot without her permission take a bit of meat or a drop of milk." Generally "they rank much above the average of the negro races." —London Spectator.

Tired mother's worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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RANDALL'S BEST CATCH.

By Collin S. Collins.

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Winter quarters had wakened from its long nap. Over in the car sheds men were touching up the brilliant advance cars with vermilion and gold leaf. In the wagon shop stood rows of chariots resplendent in gilt and crimson. In the loft last touches were being given to the "big tops," the huge canvas structures which went to make up the city of tents. From animal house and training barn could be heard the sounds of activity as trainers put horses and elephants through their paces, while the performers freshed up their acts. In three weeks the show would take to the road, opening in the south to escape the frosts and to get an additional month of "season."

Caley Randall's appearance in the ring barn was the signal for a general stoppage of work on the part of those who had been with the show the season before. Randall had been a general favorite, and even the equestrian director, the autocrat of affairs in the ring, came over to greet the newcomer.

"The rest of the boys are here and have your traps all up," he told Caley, with a glance aloft where the trapeze rigging of the Randall-Ransome troupe glittered in the light, filtering through the wire glass. "The other troupe is here."

"Who the mischief are they?" demanded Randall curiously. "I never heard of the Bannard troupe."

"Neither did any one else," agreed the director. "They do a ripping good casting act, though, and they'll work well in the big act. Come over and I'll introduce you."

He led the way across the tanbark to where stood a little group of men and women curiously regarding his approach. Randall was familiar to the circus world, and the Bannards, accustomed to the drudgery of obscure one ring wagon circuses and small vaudeville performances, looked with awe upon this star of the big show. Some of Randall's boys were standing with the troupe, but, after a pleasant nod to his own men and an acknowledgment of the introduction to the strangers, Randall saw only one of the troupe, a little, graceful girl not yet out of her teens.

Bannard hurried to compliment Randall on his work, but Caley scarcely heard him. His attention was centered upon this quaintly girl with the flashing black eyes, and when at last he moved on to the dressing room to see that his trunk was all right he turned to his "flyer," who did the catches for his leaps.

"What was the old chap saying?" he asked. "I didn't quite catch."

Clute laughed.

"Better get that idea out of your head," he advised. "The girl is the whole show with that troupe, and the old man doesn't want her marrying into another act."

"You be hanged," said Randall. "If you think you're funny I don't mind telling you that you're not."

"You agreed to a rehearsal at 3 o'clock," said Clute. "It's all right, Caley. I'd be stuck on her myself if I wasn't married. Come out and get a bite to eat."

Randall followed Clute across the lot to the hotel, where most of the performers stopped, and by 2 they were in practice dress and up in the dome of the practice ring, getting the stiffness out of their joints.

It was the custom with the show to mass all the aerial acts into one big troupe for a finish to the show. While the arena was being made ready for the hippodrome races the attention was centered upon the one big act, and in this Bannard's troupe worked with Randall's. A huge special apparatus was provided for this act, and it was to get used to this that the two acts were to rehearse together.

To his delight Caley found that Bannard's daughter did the principal leaping for their act and was to share the narrow perch from which he worked. It was scarcely more than a shelf, high above the ring, but to the gymnasts it was as secure as the ring itself, and Caley found time to chat with the girl while they worked out the details of the routine of tricks.

But once the rehearsal was over and Caley, hurrying into his street clothes, reached the exit to wait for Grace Bannard he realized that what Clute had said was right. Bannard whisked Grace and her sister off to the boarding house where they were stopping before Caley had a chance to say a word.

But opposition only made him the more determined. There was little time to talk up on the shelf where they rehearsed, for either Caley or the girl was flying through the air while the other rested, and at best conversation was fragmentary.

Two weeks passed, and Caley became more and more certain that his interest was returned. Evidently Bannard was not ignorant of the state of affairs, and he redoubled his watchfulness.

For years he had played in the small circuses. It was only Grace's work which had enabled him to get with a big show, and he was not minded to lose this advantage the first season out. Some time, he knew, she would get married, and he would have to go back to the wagon shows where the artists had to help with the horses and even drive a van to the next stop. Meanwhile he would enjoy the comparative luxury of the more important circus where "razorbacks" were employed to get up the tent and the performers could spend the night comfortably in the sleeper and not have to reach the lot until breakfast time.

But Caley was not to be kept off. They were having their last rehearsal before the traps were taken down and put aboard the cars. Once the season opened there would be little time for courtship, and he determined to put his fate to the test.

"Next time we work it will be before an audience," he commented as he climbed to the platform to which she already had been hoisted. "No more chance for chats then."

"I should say not," she assented, with a smile. "We'll be too busy then."

Caley let his swing go and away across the space. Clute slipped down on his swing to catch the count, and a moment later Caley shot across the space, let go of his swing to grasp Clute's hands, pirouette and catch the swing again on its return. Just as he reached the platform Grace shot past him to do her leap. She landed back on the platform presently.

"We won't have a chance to talk down below either," Caley went on as unconcernedly as though they had not both risked their necks since the preceding sentence. "I never get a chance to talk to you."

"Father doesn't like—" she commenced as Caley sprang from the platform.

"I know he doesn't," agreed Caley as he swung back and Grace jumped out. She was back in a moment, and a lesser important member of the troupe did some single trapeze work to rest the stars.

"Let's fool papa and get married this evening," he suggested. "I'll be in front of your boarding house at half past 10, and I'll have it all arranged with the minister."

Before he could get his answer the girl shot past him, and he was gone before she had returned. The next few tricks kept them too busy to talk; then came a breathing space, and he urged his cause.

He had to make good use of his time, for the act was drawing to a close, and he could not delay a trick without throwing the entire routine into confusion. He believed an assent trembled on her lips as he swung out, but his heart sank as he swung back to the perch and Grace shot past him.

This time she would not return to the platform, but would stay on the other side for the "somersault pass," which concluded the act. For this Bannard came over to his platform and swung him out on the swing, while Clute from the other side threw Grace to her father as Caley turned a somersault in the air and caught Clute's hands the instant after she left him.

It was a trick that brought the audience to its feet the year before, and Caley was proud of it, for it was his own invention.

The swing was properly made, and as he threw the somersault he heard a cry below him. It was only the one word "Yes," but he knew what it meant. He had been accepted in mid air, and Grace would meet him that evening. He made his dive to the net and came up with his face wreathed in smiles.

"Pretty catch," commented Clute, swinging over the edge of the net and dropping beside him.

"The catch of a lifetime," assented Randall joyously, and he made off for the dressing room, leaving Clute wondering what had happened.

Venus' Flower Basket.

If, when you are in Washington, you will go into the "children's room" at the Smithsonian institution, you will see one of the most beautiful productions of the sea. So frail and artistic is its makeup that you feel sure that not nature, but man, must have produced an object of such delicate beauty. But nature did do it and made it on the bottom of the sea too. If you will go down into the waters in the region of the Philippine Islands and dig around in the mud, you might bring up a spongy looking object that resembles the white of an egg in its consistency. It looks like a flower basket and may have a hermit crab inside, for the crab lives at the same depth and likes to crawl into the basket, but he does not find much hospitality awaiting him, for the sponge closes over him and holds him forever. This product of the sea is called Venus' flower basket, so named because in its finished state it might well make a receptacle for the garlands of the goddess of beauty. This is after it is cleaned and prepared for sale, for it then looks as if it were made of fine spun glass, with its filaments spreading out from the bottom. These are called "spicules" and serve to anchor the animal to the bottom, and so firmly does it hold on that it takes a good strong pull to bring it up. The first Venus' flower basket to be cleaned and sold easily brought the price of $150. Now, however, a few dollars will buy a very beautiful one. —Pathfinder.

Mansfield and Marston.

Richard Mansfield was once in Richard Marston's studio looking over some scenes he had ordered for a new production. The famous scenic artist had known Mansfield during the short period the latter did some painting in London. Mansfield at the time had met with little success on the stage and very likely thought he could paint better than he could act.

In his commanding way he told Marston to take down a certain scene, in which he said the color was not properly laid out.

"That is not what I want," he said. "I know something about scene painting. I was a scenic artist once."

"Yes, Mr. Mansfield," said Marston, with peculiar emphasis. "I was an actor once, but I was a bad one."—Kansas City Newsbook.

EDISON THE VICTOR.

He Humbled the Pride of the Fast Telegraph Operator.

Edison made his first record as a telegraph operator in Memphis. A contemporary says he came walking into the office one morning looking like a veritable hayseed. He wanted a job, and, although his appearance was not prepossessing, the office was short handed, and he was assigned a desk at the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the office. "At the end of the line was an operator who was chain lightning and knew it," says Francis Arthur Jones' "Life of Edison."

"Edison had hardly got seated before St. Louis called. The newcomer responded, and St. Louis started on a long report which he pumped in like a house afire. Edison threw his leg over the arm of his chair, leisurely transferred a wad of spruce gum from his pocket to his mouth, took up a pen, examined it critically and started in about fifty words behind. He didn't stay there long, though. St. Louis let out another link of speed, and still another, and the instrument on Edison's table hummed like an old style Singer sewing machine. Every man in the office left his desk and gathered around the jay to see what he was doing with that electric cyclone.

"Well, sir, he was right on the word and taking it down in the prettiest copperplate hand you ever saw, even crossing his 't's' and dotting his 'i's' and punctuating with as much care as a man editing telegraph for printers. St. Louis got tired by and by and began to slow down. Then Edison opened the key and said:

"'Hello, there! When are you going to get a hustle on? This is no primer class.'

"Well, sir," said the gentleman in conclusion, "that broke St. Louis all up. He had been rawhiding Memphis for a long time, and we were terribly sore, and to have a man in our office who could walk all over him made us feel like a man whose horse had won the Derby."

THRILLING SPORT.

Rafting Down the Canyons of an Unmapped Glacial River.

With provisions for a few ten days a party of [illegible] found one September [illegible] light rafts and [illegible] letting the swift river [illegible] torrents where [illegible] otherwise [illegible] them in from [illegible] The Shinasha [illegible] Robert [illegible] on the [illegible]

"[illegible] the most thrilling sport I know, rafting down the snaky canyons of an unmapped glacial river.

"[illegible] the Mary Ann II., the other three the Black Mag. We [illegible] and hauled them over the gravel shallows of our tributary, shot out between the main walls of the stream and seized upon that boiling current.

"We reached silently from cliff to cliff, jammed pike-poles into the slate shelf overhead, twisted out of eddies. We bumped and grounded. We dashed overboard and on the run eased her across shallows. We tugged half an hour to make an inch at each shove through the gravel, suddenly plunged in to our necks, and she leaped free as we scrambled on.

"Bowlders rose through white ruffs of water in midchannel. We might or might not hang on them for a perpendicular minute.

"You must be very handy with a pole. You must have a hair fine eye for moving angles, the strength of an eddy, the depth of foam ruffling over a stump. You must be surer of the length of your pole than a polo player of the reach of his mallet. You must be quicker than a Siwash dog. You must know the different weight of each log down to ounces, the balance of the duffel piled high like a dais, covered with the tent and the bean pot, the mackinaws and the ax lashed to all the lashings. It's a pretty game."

A Risky Subject.

"Do you think, sweetheart," queried the young man with the evenly divided hair, "that your father will consent to our marriage?"

"Well," replied the fair one, "of course papa will be sorry to lose me, but"—

"But," interrupted the rash youth, "I will remind him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son."

"Dearest," rejoined the wise maid, "if you really want me you mustn't say anything of the kind. Papa has three such sons boarding with him now, and he's a little touchy on the subject."

Queer Milk.

Many specimens of unconscious humor are received by the editors of that monumental work, the "Imperial Gazetteer of India." A district was said to be "an extensive rolling plain, consisting of alternate ridges of bare stony hills and narrow fertile valleys." An interesting item of natural history was afforded by the remark, "The buffalo differs from the cow in giving milk which is richer in butter fat, in voice and in having no hump."—London Globe.

Poured.

"I have poured every day this week at some function or other," remarked the vivacious girl.

"Well, well!" murmured the old gentleman who overheard her. "Now I know what is meant by the term 'a reigning belle.'"—St. Louis Republic.

No man prospers in this world by luck unless it be the luck of getting up early, working hard and maintaining honor and integrity.—Beecher.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR
BACKACHE
Weak Kidneys, Lame Back
and
Inflammation of the Bladder

Welcoming a Wife.

By Lulu Johnston.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Little Miss Merrington hurried from the postoffice clutching tightly the precious letter the clerk had just handed her. She had not needed to glance at the foreign stamp to tell that it was from Harvey Rial. The clear, bold handwriting of the address had told her that before the letter had been removed from the box in which it lay together with the local paper.

There was a flush on the kindly little face not due to the spring breezes but to the hope which had risen in her heart. Twenty years before she and Harvey Rial had been engaged to be married. A lovers' quarrel and pride too stubborn to confess fault had resulted in Rial's marriage to Margaret Bond.

Then Miss Merrington had settled herself uncomplainingly to a life of spinsterhood, rejoicing that her father's provision for her future did not make it necessary for her to marry in order to find a home and taking pleasure in the hundred little acts of kindness which had made "Little Miss Merrington" a village institution.

All too soon Rial had discovered his error. His new idol's feet had turned to clay. Margaret's tongue was as sharp as her face was fair, and, with stoic resignation, Harvey Rial had settled himself to lifelong penance for his error.

The thought gave him and Miss Merrington something in common, and though neither ever alluded to the matter, there was a silent bond of companionship that was none the less sweet because it found no expression in act or word.

Now, then, two years had passed since Margaret had died, and Rial had taken his son to Europe in the hope that travel might benefit his health. Since then letters had come by every steamer—not the romantic epistles of youth, but entertaining stories of travel, infused with a tender sentiment that was implied rather than expressed. There was always the note of longing for home, with a hint that he wished Miss Merrington to share home with him.

The last letter had told that Ralph was well enough to return, and it was probable that the letter she now softly patted in her pocket would name his date of sailing.

Miss Merrington hurried into the neat "front room" and with trembling fingers slit the cover.

"I've told you all there is to tell about London," wrote Rial. "This is just to say that I am sailing tomorrow. We are taking a ten day boat for the sake of the sea air, and this letter goes by one of the fliers. And now for the surprise I promised in my last. I am bringing home a bride. May I not ask you to see that the old house is opened and made fit to receive her? We should be in Fairlands five days after you receive this. That should give you plenty of time to prove yourself the model housekeeper. I leave all the arrangements to you, dear friend, and I know that nothing will be left undone to make welcome the new Mrs. Rial. I will tell you all about it when I arrive."

That was all, scarcely a page of the familiar handwriting, but the light died in Miss Merrington's eyes, and the beauty of the spring day faded.

For an hour or more she sat quietly in her chair, the letter in her lap untouched. She had felt sure that when the time came Harvey would speak the words that should make her the happiest little woman in all the world, and now he had married another, some foreign woman whose youth and beauty had proved a subtle attraction.

She could not altogether blame him. She was forty. No man would care to marry a woman past her prime. It was but natural that he should seek some younger woman.

And yet had Miss Merrington faced the tall pier glass standing between the front windows she would have found reflected there a face unmarked by lines of care, but lighted by the glow of earnest brown eyes.

She had scarcely lost her youth in the placid, helpful life she led. Her cheeks were still smooth and unwrinkled, tinted as softly as the petals of a blush rose. Her hair was soft and brown, with never a hint of gray. The sensitive, tender mouth with its constant smile was as appealing as a child's, a mouth surely made for kisses.

The tiny maid with her announcement of the noon dinner brought Miss Merrington back to earth. The letter she tucked in her pocket, and as she ate her simple meal she planned the work that must be done to make the big Rial house habitable and homelike in spite of its two untenanted years.

Once every week in all that time she had gone to see that all was well, but now that it was to be opened there was much to be done. In work she would find forgetfulness of her disappointment. At least she would not fail her old friend.

Five days later Rial came. Miss Merrington was at the station platform to greet him, and many curious, half pitying glances were turned upon her as Harvey tenderly assisted down the steps of the chair car the slender form of a woman younger even than his son. All the town knew of this old love affair.

"Ralph stopped in New York to look after a business matter," Rial explained when greetings were over and the three were comfortably disposed in the solitary village hack. "Maida was impatient to see her American home, so we pressed on."

"The house looks very well, if I do say it myself," said Miss Merrington complacently. "I'm sure that Mrs. Rial will like it here."

"It is a lovely town," said the girl impulsively. "I was so afraid that I should not like it."

"Maida imagined that we lived on a prairie and had buffalo and Indians running about," explained Rial. "She wanted to carry a revolver in her hand bag, but I talked her out of it."

Miss Merrington laughed at the conceit, but her heart gave a throb as Rial leaned across to playfully pat the girl's cheek. She was glad that the arrival at the house prevented further demonstration.

Maida was profuse in her praise of the place, and she would not rest content until she had explored every nook and cranny. Not until then was she ready to retire to her room and remove the signs of travel, leaving Miss Merrington free to see that the table was properly set for dinner.

She had slipped out into the garden for some early flowers and was arranging these in a vase when Rial came into the room and with a happy laugh tilted up her dimpled chin and planted a kiss upon her smiling lips.

Miss Merrington started back, with a little cry of pain.

"Is this the way you seek to repay me?" she cried, with flashing eyes. "A new wife in the house just half an hour, and you—you kissed me."

"I could not help it, sweetheart," cried Rial. "It's so good to be back home after two years in hotels, and you are a part of that home. Will you forgive me, dear, and promise always to be a part of my home?"

Miss Merrington gazed at Rial with dumb anguish in her eyes. Then slowly she turned away to where the French windows gave upon the piazza. With a few quick steps Rial reached her.

"Forgive me, dear, for tormenting you!" he cried. "It was a mean thing to do, but I was only taking a leaf from your own book of the past and proving that jealousy sometimes leads to love. That was why I did not tell you that Maida is Mrs. Ralph Rial."

"Your daughter-in-law and not your wife?"

"I didn't say whose bride I was bringing home," he confessed. "I felt that if you cared you would show it. You do care, don't you, Dorothy?"

The use of the old name broke down Miss Merrington's last barrier of pride. Unresisting, she let him take her in his arms, and it was thus that Maida found them as she came running into the room.

"Now it's perfect!" cried the girl, with a quick appreciation of the situation. "The only thing the dear old house lacked was a mother to welcome the bride, and now"—

"And now the welcome is complete," finished Rial, with his vibrant laugh, as he bent to kiss the soft brown hair.

Told Stanley All About It.

During Stanley's last stay in London he was present one evening at a very swell affair, and the attention paid to him was so annoying that he was delighted when he had an opportunity of slipping away unnoticed. He found a quiet corner in the smoking room and was enjoying a cigar, when a spruce young fellow, who, it turned out, was a lieutenant in the navy, came up.

To Stanley's surprise, the lieutenant began to tell him all about Africa, and it soon became evident that he did not know he was talking to the great explorer.

Other listeners strolled in, and pretty soon there was quite a crowd listening to the young man telling the most astonishing things about the dark continent, the Kongo, the shire district, the native races, and so on.

At first Stanley endeavored to correct his mistakes, but the lieutenant knew better, and so he permitted him to talk on. Finally this extraordinary and laughable scene was brought to a conclusion by one of the guests saying:

"But, Mr. Stanley, you told us"—

"Stanley!" cried the lieutenant. "Is this Stanley, the African explorer?"

"Certainly," was the reply. The lieutenant gave one look around, tried to speak, flushed scarlet and then dashed out of the room, followed by a roar of laughter, in which even Stanley joined.

When a man writes as follows don't you think he means it? Mr. S. G. Williams, Powderly, Texas, says, "I have suffered for years with kidney and bladder trouble, using ever preparation I came across and taking many prescriptions all, without relief until my attention was called to Pineules. After 30 days' trial ($1.00) I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and applications for licenses for hotels, eating houses, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 11th, A. D. 1908.

HOTEL LICENSES.

Bradford City—First Ward.

T. F. Conneely, Conneely Hotel, No. 18 Mechanic street. Residence same.

R. H. Fox, St. James Hotel, Mechanic street, at the head of Main street. Residence same.

B. F. Hamilton, Capitol Hotel, Nos. 46 & 48 Main street. Residence same.

P. J. Hennessy, The New Pierce House, Nos. 127 & 129 Main street. Residence same.

Frank P. Holley, Hotel Holley, situate at the northwest cor. of Main and Davis streets. Residence same.

C. E. Hurley, Bay State Hotel, Nos. 84 & 86 Main street. Residence same.

P. H. Lavelle, Union House, Nos. 142 to 150 Main street, residence same.

B. F. McBride, Option House, No. 41 Main street, residence same.

M. P. McCarthy, Willard Hotel, Nos. 184 & 186 Main street, residence same.

W. J. McDonell, Industry Hotel, Nos. 15, 17 & 19 Davis street, residence same.

P. Mulqueen, Mansion House, Nos. 5 to 7 Mechanic street, residence same.

Z. J. Pearson, New Edgett Hotel, Nos. 83 & 85 Main street, residence same.

M. A. Quinn, United States Hotel, Nos. 19 & 21 Mechanic street, residence same.

Clara B. Smith, Hotel Weaver, Nos. 187 & 89 Main street, residence same.

H. G. Solt, Washington House, Nos. 12, 14 & 16 Webster street, residence same.

A. C. Stengel, Corry House, Nos. 18 & 20 Webster street, residence same.

R. S. Watterson, Oil City House, Nos. 122 & 124 Main street, residence same.

Nathan Weil and Louis Lovitz, The Black Bear Hotel, Nos. 14 & 16 Pine street, residence of Nathan Weil same, Louis Lovitz 85 School street, Bradford, Pa.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

J. H. Lyons, Akin House, Nos. 15 & 17 W. Washington street, residence same.

Bradford City—Fifth Ward.

Edward A. Hathaway, Rochester House, Nos. 211 & 213 Main street, residence same.

Bradford City—Sixth Ward.

Patrick Keane, The Tuna Valley House, No. 418 East Main street, residence same.

Patrick M. White, The American House, No. 441 East Main street, cor. E. Main street and Kendall Ave.

Eldred Borough.

Clyde C. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, cor. Main and Depot streets, residence Eldred borough.

Mrs. Freda C. Ogilvie, Gold Eagle Hotel, northeast corner of Depot and Railroad streets, residence Eldred borough.

H. W. Rice, Central House, No. 70 Main street, residence Eldred borough.

Foster Township.

W. F. Parks, Rew City Hotel, Rew City, corner of Bradford and Smethport road and Plank Road Highway, residence Rew City.

Hamlin Township.

John C. Block, The White Star Hotel, N. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Fred Eckhart, Eckhart House, S. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

S. Lunden, Hotel Hazel, N. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

Stephen Barrett, Jr., Windsor Hotel, Nos. 17, 19 & 21 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Annie F. Donovan, New Arlington Hotel, No. 16 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Martin Dolan and Dawson P. Cringe, Kane House, Nos. 151, 155 & 157 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

P. W. Durkin, Rowley Hotel, No. 120 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

N. A. Nelson, Hotel Lamont, Nos. 27 to 35 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Morris B. Pierce, New Fleming Hotel, Nos. 63 to 67 Fraley street, residence same.

W. W. Swalley and Martin D. Grant, Griffin Hotel, Nos. 75 to 77 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

Andrew Mangan and Lawrence C. Bissell, New Centennial Hotel, Nos. 80, 82 & 84 Fraley street, residence same.

Kane Borough—Third Ward.

John Fleming, New Thompson House, Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 & 16 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Fourth Ward.

A. W. Hamm, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 184 to 188 Fraley street, residence same.

Lafayette Township.

Simon E. Cooney, Bradford House, Lewis Run, N. side of Main street, residence Lewis Run, Pa.

William Doyle, Mountain House, Marshburg, N. side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford, residence Marshburg, Pa.

Jas. Mahoney, Butte House, Mount Alton, Pa., sec. of road leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville and road to Riderville, residence Mount Alton.

John J. McQueeney, Davis House, Mount Alton, Pa., W. side of street leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville, residence Mount Alton.

Mount Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Fairview Hotel, S. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

E. C. Cleveland, Brewer House, S. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

E. W. Long, Commercial Hotel, S. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

B. D. Thompson, London House, S. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

Otto Township.

James W. Bedeaux, Duke House, Duke Center, W. side of Main street, residence Duke Center, Pa.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler, The Butler House, S. E. cor. Main and Mill streets, residence Port Allegany borough.

C. S. King, Bartwell House, S. side of Mill street, residence Port Allegany borough.

P. Rogan, Connolly House, 5 & 7 Pearl street, residence Port Allegany borough.

William Vansickles, Allegany House, cor. of Mill street and Railroad Ave., residence Port Allegany borough.

Sergeant Township.

Frederick J. Silfies, Clermont House, Clermont, E. side of Pine street, residence Clermont.

John L. Smith, Bayer House, Clermont, residence Clermont.

Smethport Borough.

John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, Wright House, cor. Main and Mechanic streets, residence of John O. Dodge, Keating township, Frank L. Sherburne, Smethport borough.

M. S. Gehry, Hotel Imperial, No. 101 Main street, residence Smethport borough.

E. L. McCrary, Cottage House, cor. of Water and Fulton streets, residence Smethport borough.

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, S. side of W. Main street, residence Smethport borough.

T. H. Purtle, Commercial House, cor. Main and Franklin streets, residence Smethport borough.

EATING HOUSE OR RESTAURANT LICENSES.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

J. T. O'Donnell, City Restaurant and Cafe, S. W. cor. of Mechanic and Washington streets, residence 156 Pleasant street.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

John F. Quinn, Lyceum Cafe, No. 5 Field street, residence Kane borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

Keron Hanlon and John J. Hanlon, City Restaurant, W. side of Pearl street, residence Port Allegany borough.

Samuel St. Clair, W. side of Pearl street, residence Port Allegany borough.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

Frank J. Collins, doing business under the name and style of N. B. Collins and Company, No. 102 Main street, residence Bradford city.

A. M. Mayer and M. Rolland, doing business as A. Mayer and Co., No. 130 Main street, residence Bradford city.

E. F. McCann and Charles H. Brown, No. 188 Main street, residence Bradford city.

H. M. Plague, No. 3 Mechanic street, residence 80 School street.

Saul Wertheman, No. 96 Main street, residence Bradford city.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

John Dolan, No. 81 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

George W. Berry, 188 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

John M. Healy, No. 73 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Lunden, N. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayer, W. side of Railroad Avenue, opp. new Penna. depot, residence Port Allegany borough.

Smethport Borough.

William H. Hungerford and Fred H. Hungiville, S. side of Main street, residence Smethport borough.

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

Frank Lyons and Edward J. Beckwith, No. 29 Webster street, residence Bradford city.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

P. H. Davitt, No. 56 Mechanic street, residence Bradford city.

Eldred Borough.

E. R. Tanner, W. side of Railroad street opp. Penna. R. R. depot, residence Eldred borough.

Hamlin Township.

Alfred Hagberg, Hazelhurst, Lot No. 10, E. side Randall street, residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

J. M. McCarty, No. 20 Field street, residence Kane borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayer, W. side of Railroad Ave., nearly opp. Penna. R. R. depot, residence Port Allegany, Pa.

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, William Hanley, President, Delevan Emery, Secretary, Nos. 10 to 26 Fourth street, its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted within fifteen days after the same are granted or they will be void.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 21st, 1908.

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Executor's Notice.

Estate of Ann Reilly, deceased, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

M. R. Glenn, executor.
Smethport, Pa., March 25, 1908.

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